

KUMARBHARATI

STANDARD XI

KUMARBHARATI

ENGLISH (HIGHER LEVEL)

STANDARD XI



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PLEDGE

"India is my country. All Indians are my brothers and sisters.

I love my country and I am proud of its rich and varied heritage. I shall always strive to be worthy of it.

I shall give my parents, teachers and all elders respect and treat everyone with courtesy.

To my country and my people, I pledge my devotion. In their well-being and prosperity alone lies my happiness."

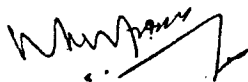
INTRODUCTION

The Maharashtra State Board of Secondary Education has brought out this anthology of English Prose and Poetry for students offering Higher Level English in the Eleventh Standard. There is a variety of subjects suited to the varied aptitudes and interests of the students at this stage. It is expected that the students will develop some amount of literary appreciation by studying these extracts.

The Board is grateful to its Board of Studies in English for giving invaluable help in making the selection of these extracts.

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The Board is also grateful to the Director of the Bureau of Textbook Production and Curriculum Research, Pune, for extending co-operation and to the Controller of the Textbook Bureau for the timely production of this book in its well designed and attractive form.



(N. K. UPASANI)

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and

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PROSE

1. THE PICKWICK PAPERS

CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Dickens (1812-1870) is a famous English novelist of the nineteenth century. He was the son of a government clerk. The experiences of his early life are reflected in 'David Copperfield.' Dickens was a humorous writer. The Pickwick Papers bring out his sense of humour.

"I should ha' forgot it; I should certainly ha' forgot it!" said Sam; so saying, he at once stepped into the stationer's shop, and requested to be served with a sheet of the best gilt-edged letter-paper, and a hard-nibbed pen which could be warranted not to splutter. These articles having been promptly supplied, he walked on direct towards Leadenhall Market at a good round pace, very different from his recent lingering one. Looking round him, he there beheld a sign-board on which the painter's art had delineated some thing remotely resembling a cerulean elephant with an aquiline nose in lieu of trunk. Rightly conjecturing that this was the Blue Boar himself, he stepped into the house, and inquired concerning his parent.

"He won't be here this three quarters of an hour or more," said the young lady who superintended the domestic arrangements of the Blue Boar.

"Wery good, my dear!" replied Sam. "Let me have nine penn-'oth o' brandy-and-water luke, and inkstand, will you, miss?"

The brandy-and-water luke, and the inkstand, having been carried into the little parlour, and the young lady having carefully flattened down the coals to prevent their blazing, and carried away the poker to preclude the possibility of the fire being stirred, without the full privity and concurrence of the

Blue Boar being first had and obtained, Sam Weller sat himself down in a box near the stove, and pulled out the sheet of gilt-edged letter-paper, and the hard-nibbed pen. Then looking carefully at the pen to see that there were no hairs in it, and dusting down the table, so that there might be no crumbs of bread under the paper, Sam tucked up the cuffs of his coat, squared his elbows, and composed himself to write.

To ladies and gentlemen who are not in the habit of devoting themselves practically to the science of penmanship, writing a letter is no very easy task; it being always considered necessary in such cases for the writer to recline his head on his left arm, so as to place his eyes as nearly as possible on a level with the paper, and, while glancing sideways at the letters he is constructing, to form with his tongue imaginery characters to correspond. These motions, although unquestionably of the greatest assistance to original composition, retard in some degree the progress of the writer; and Sam had unconsciously been at a full hour and a half writing words in small text, smearing out wrong letters with his little finger, and putting in new ones which required going over very often to render them visible through the old blots, when he was roused by the opening of the door and the entrance of his parent.

"Vell, Sammy," said the father.

"Vell, my Prooshan Blue," responded the son, laying down his pen. "What's the last bulletin about mother-in-law?"

"Mrs. Veller passed a verry good night, but is uncommon perwerse, and unpleasant this mornin'. Signed upon oath, T. Veller, Esquire, Senior. That's the last vun as was issued Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, untying his shawl.

"No better yet?" inquired Sam.

"All the symptoms aggerawated," replied Mr. Weller, shaking his head. "But wot's that, you're a doing of? Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, Sammy?"

"I've done now," said Sam with slight embarrassment; 'I've been a-writin'."

"So I see," replied Mr. Weller. "Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy?"

"Why, it's no use a-sayin' it ain't," replied Sam. "It's a valentine."

"A what!" exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horror-stricken by the word.

"A Valentine," replied Sam.

"Samivel, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, in reproachful accents, "I didn't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you've had o' your father's wicious propensities; after all I've said to you upon this here wery subject; arter actiwallly seein' and bein' in the company o' your own mother-in-law, vich I should ha' thought was a moral lesson as no man could never ha' forgotten to his dyin' day! I didn't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy, I didn't think you'd ha' done it!" These reflections were too much for the good old man. He raised Sam's tumbler to his lips and drank off its contents.

"Wot's the matter now?" said Sam.

"Nev'r mind, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, "it'll be a wery agonisin' trial to me at my time of life, but I'm pretty tough, that's vun consolation, as the wery old turkey remarked wen the farmer said he wos afeerd he should be obliged to kill him for the London market."

"Wot'll be a trial?" inquired Sam.

"To see you married, Sammy—to see you a dilluded wictim, and thinkin' in your innocence that it's all wery capital," replied Mr. Weller. "It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelings, that ere, Sammy."

"Nonsense," said Sam. "I ain't a-goin' to get married, don't you fret yourself about that; I know you're a judge of these things. Order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter. There!"

We cannot distinctly say whether it was the prospect of the pipe or the consolatory reflection that a fatal disposition to get married ran in the family, and couldn't be helped, which calmed Mr. Weller's feelings, and caused his grief to subside. We should be rather disposed to say that the result was attained by combining the two sources of consolation, for he repeated

the second in a low tone, very frequently; ringing the bell meanwhile, to order in the first. He then divested himself of his upper coat; and lighting the pipe and placing himself in front of the fire with his back towards it, so that he could feel its full heat, and recline against the mantelpiece at the same time, turned towards Sam, and, with a countenance greatly mollified by the softening influence of tobacco, requested him to "fire away."

Sam dipped his pen into the ink to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air:

"'Lovely—' "

"Stop," said Mr. Weller, ringing the bell. "A double glass o' the invariable, my dear."

"Very well sir," replied the girl, who with great quickness appeared, vanished, returned, and disappeared.

"They seem to know your ways here," observed Sam.

"Yes," replied his father, "I've been here before, in my time. Go on Sammy."

"'Lovely creetur!'" repeated Sam.

"Tain't in poetry, is it?" interposed his father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Wery glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller. "Poetry's unnat'ral; no man ever talked poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's blackin', or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows; never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin again, Sammy."

Mr. Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity, and Sam once more commenced, and read as follows:—

"'Lovely creetur I feel myself a dammed—' "

"That ain't proper," said Mr. Weller, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No; it ain't dammed," observed Sam, holding the letter up to the light, "it's 'shamed,' there's a blot there—I feel myself ashamed."

"Wery good," said Mr. Weller. "Go on."

"'Feel myself ashamed, and completely cir—I forget what this here word is," said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I am a-lookin' at it," replied Sam, "but there's another blot. Here's a 'c,' and a 'i,' and a 'd.'"

"Circumwented, p'raps," suggested Mr. Weller.

"No, it ain't that" said Sam, "'circumscribed'; that's it."

"That ain't as good a word as 'circumwented,' Sammy," said Mr. Weller, gravely.

"Think not?" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But don't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell p'raps it is a more tenderer word," said Mr. Weller, after a few moments' reflection. "Go on, Sammy."

"Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a-dressin' of you, for you are a nice gal and nothin' but it'."

"That's a verry pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it is rayther good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder Mr. Weller, "is that there ain't no callin' names in it—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind. Wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Venus or a angel, Sammy?"

"Ah! what, indeed?" replied Sam.

"You might jist as well call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a king's arms at once, which is verry well known to be a collection o' fabulous animals," added Mr. Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sammy," said Mr. Weller.

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows; his father continuing to smoke, with a mixed expression of wisdom and complacency which was particularly edifying.

"'Afore I see you, I thought all women was alike.'"

"So they are," observed the elder Mr. Weller, parenthetically.

"But now," continued Sam, 'now I find what a regular soft-headed inkred'lous turnip I must ha' been; for there ain't nobody like you, though I like you better than nothin' at all.' I thought it best to make that rayther strong," said Sam, looking up.

Mr. Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed.

"So I take the privilidge of the day, Mary, my dear—as the gen'l'm'n in difficulties did, ven he valked out of a Sunday—to tell you that the first and only time I see you your likeness was took on my hart in much quicker time and brighter colours than ever a likeness was took by the profeel macheen (which p'raps you may have heerd on Mary my dear) altho it does finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete, with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter."

"I am afeerd that werges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr. Weller dubiously.

"No, it don't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly, to avoid contesting the point—

"Except of me Mary my dear as your walentine and think over what I've said.—My dear Mary, I will now conclude.' That's all," said Sam.

"That's rather a sudden pull-up, ain't it, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Not a bit on it," said Sam; "she'll vish there wos more, and that's the great art o' letter-writin'."

"Well," said Mr. Weller, "there's somethin' in that; and I wish your mother-in-law 'ud only conduct her conwersation on the same genteel principle. Ain't you a-goin' to sign it?"

"That's the difficulty," said Sam; "I don't know what to sign it."

"Sign it—'Veller'," said the oldest surviving proprietor of that name.

"Won't do," said Sam. "Never sign a walentine with your own name."

"Sign it 'Pickvick,' then," said Mr. Weller; "It's a verry good name, and a easy one to spell."

"The verry thing," said Sam. "I could end with a werse; what do you think?"

"I don't like it, Sam," rejoined Mr. Weller. "I never know'd a respectable coachman as wrote poetry, 'cept one, as made an affection' copy o' worses that night afore he wos hung for a highway robbery; and he wos only a Cambervell man, so even that's no rule."

But Sam was not to be dissuaded from the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter—

"Your love-sick
Pickwick."

And having folded it, in a very intricate manner, squeezed a down-hill direction in one corner: "To Mary, Housemaid, at Mr. Nupkin's Mayor's, Ipswich, Suffolk"; and put it into his pocket, wafered, and ready for the general post. This important business having been transacted, Mr. Weller the elder proceeded to open that, on which he had summoned his son.

NOTES

splutter: sputter, make a series of spitting sounds

cerulean: deep blue

walentine: for 'valentine' meaning a love letter

propensity: inclination, tendency

mollify: appease, soften

circumscribed: restricted

unicorn: fabulous animal with horse's body and a single straight horn

□ □ □

2. MAN OVERBOARD

CAPTAIN GEORGE H. GRANT

The author, Captain George H. Grant, gives here a vivid account of the boy who fell overboard and was saved as he kept his head. He knew that the Captain would come back in the vessel that had gone ahead. He would rescue him because "the Captain was like that."

As we learnt a few hours later, the boy fell overboard a little after seven a.m. No one saw him fall. He had been clearing a scupper and lost his balance. When he hit the water he fought against the wild surge and suction along the vessel's hull. The propeller missed him by inches. As the choking water eased its tug, he broke the surface.

For a moment a feeling of relief relaxed him. The Mate must have seen him fall and he would be picked up quickly. But the vessel kept going at full speed, and he threshed the water in panic, trying to overtake her.

Suddenly he remembered something the Captain had said one day after a boat drill: "If you ever get into a tight spot, keep your head. If you panic, you'll lose it sure's this vessel's got a keel. You will run round and round like a chicken with its head chopped off. So keep your head, and think."

The boy steadied the paddling of his hands and feet, and thought: [I did not know I could swim but I am not sinking. I am swimming. He managed to kick off his heavy trousers and boots.] He realized then that he was paddling as he had seen dogs do at his farm home.

But the vessel kept going away. He could now barely see her funnel and masts when he was heaved up on a high wave. He looked anxiously around. He did not know for what. There was nothing to see but the water and empty sky. A breaking wave slapped him in the face, choking him. Salt burn his eyes.

The sailors were at breakfast when they missed the boy. "Where is he?" one asked. Another remarked: "Funny. He never called the watch. I'd better go and look for him." He searched through the forecastles, the lavatories. He asked the men who were lounging on the aft hatch. His footsteps quickened as his anxiety increased; his voice became querulous, more demanding. "You'd better tell the Old Man," someone suggested.

The Captain was talking to the Third Mate on the bridge. His vessel was on a safe course, one hundred miles off the Florida coast and steaming at full speed in the Gulf Stream. The Captain was making up time lost at sailing. He turned to the sailor who raced up a ladder, shouting: "Sir, the boy. We can't find him. We have looked everywhere. He is lost"—and he waved a hand out over the sea.

The Captain summoned the Chief Mate from the dining-room. The missing boy had been on his watch.

The Chief recalled that he had ordered the boy to clear the starboard scupper. What time? It was after the boy brought coffee to the bridge—say about seven-ten.

The Captain glanced at his watch: eight twenty-one. An hour and eleven minutes, eighteen miles astern. [Quick orders were issued. Some fuel oil was pumped on to the sea. The vessel held her course for a few seconds, until the oil had laid a path behind her.] When that was well defined, the vessel reversed her course and steamed back along the oil path exactly the way she had come. "We have to go back twenty miles from here," the Captain said. "One hour and twenty minutes. Watch the time."

The boy kept paddling slowly, facing in the direction of the vanished ship. He was weakening and he wanted to cry. He would have cried but the Captain was before him on the deck again addressing the men: "The sea's a hard life. [Emergencies pop up, in storms, in fogs, and you can't go running to the nearest shop for a piece of string or a box of nails to fix things.] You have got to use your head. [Remember, more men get lost by losing their heads than for any other reason.]"

[It was all right for the Captain to say that, he thought. He had never fallen overboard. Or had he?] He had been at sea a long time: he must have experienced everything that could happen to a man. He tried to think of himself as the Captain, and he began to say the things the Captain had said, over and over again as if addressing a group of men in the water around him. Then a series of broken waves washed over him, half-drowning him, and he struggled in a smother of foam and fear.

The Captain did not expect to find the boy. Cross winds and currents cause drift, and a head is such a small object to spot in a vast area of roughened water. Men panic and drown so quickly. What chance had a boy who, he had been told, could not swim?

He glanced at his watch. A few minutes to go. "Pass the word we're nearly there," he said to the Third Mate. "Reduce speed to slow." His head swung continuously from side to side, his eyes sweeping the sea, pausing, moving on. Suddenly he shouted: "Stop the engines; Full astern! Stand by to get the boat away." He had seen the tiny head, bobbing up, sinking down, not more than a hundred yards away.

The boy saw the vessel stop, saw the life-boat come towards him. Just as his ebbing strength seemed exhausted, strong hands grabbed him. They yanked him over the gunwale and laid him on blankets.

The boy looked at the faces of the men at the oars. One shouted: "Swimmin! The sea's for sailing boats, not swimmin'." Another: "You're going to get hell, M'lad. The Old Man's sore. Three hours late and you've got to go swimmin!"

He knew they were teasing him. He wanted to nod, to smile, to let them know he understood; but nausea gripped him and he retched with pain; "Cut out the chatter," the Second Mate said, "We've got to get him back. Hurry!"

Half of this story was gleaned later, from the boy, half of it was known to me from the beginning for, you see, I was the Captain.

When the vessel was back on course I went down to see the boy. Wrapped in blankets he looked much younger than his

seventeen years. Tears came to his eyes and he murmured: "Sir, I'm sorry if I've made you late."

I reassured him as best I could, and prescribed some rest.

On the day before our arrival at Boston I asked him: "You couldn't swim and you were in the water over two and a half hours. How did you ever manage to stay afloat?"

"You told me to, sir."

"I?"

"Yes, sir. You told me to use my head. You tell everyone that, sir. And I knew you would come back."

"How the devil did you know that?" I asked.

He glanced up and said quietly, "Because you are like that, sir."

Because you are like that!

[The boy didn't know it but, with his words, he had bestowed on me a reward greater than any gift of government or kings]

NOTES

overboard: over the side of a ship or boat into the water

scupper: opening in a ship's side to allow water to run off the deck

hull: body or frame of a ship

tug: pull

panic (verb): be affected with panic or unreasoning fear

retch: make (involuntarily) the sound and physical movements of vomiting

□ □ □

3. THE LAST LEAF

O. HENRY

William Sydney Porter (1862-1910), American short story writer, born in North Carolina, wrote under the pseudonym O. Henry. He was prolific, humorous, and highly ingenious, especially in his use of coincidence in the stories that he wrote.

The present story is taken from "The Best of O. Henry" and is slightly abridged.

At the top of squatty, three-story brick building Sue and Johnsy had their studio. In November a cold, unseen stranger, whom the doctors called Pneumonia smote Johnsy and she lay scarcely moving, on her painted iron bedstead, looking through the small Dutch window-panes at the blank side of the next brick house.

One morning the busy doctor invited Sue into the hallway with a shaggy, gray eyebrow.

"She has one chance in ten", he said as he shook down the mercury in his clinical thermometer. (And that chance is for her to want to live.) Your little lady has made up her mind that she is not going to get well. I will do all that science, so far as it may filter through my efforts, can accomplish."

After the doctor had gone, Sue went into the workroom and cried a Japanese napkin to a pulp. Then she swaggered into Johnsy's room with her drawing-board, whistling ragtime.

Johnsy lay, scarcely making a ripple under the bedclothes, with her face toward the window. Sue stopped whistling, thinking she was asleep.

She arranged her board and began a pen-and-ink drawing to illustrate a magazine story. Young artists must have their way to Art by drawing pictures for magazine stories that young authors write to pave their way to Literature.

As Sue was sketching she heard a low sound, several times repeated. She went quickly to the bedside.

Johnsy's eyes were open wide. She was looking out the window and counting—counting backward.

"Twelve" she said, and a little later, "eleven"; and then "ten" and "nine"; and then "eight" and "seven" almost together.

Sue looked solicitously out the window. What was there to count? There was only a bare, dreary yard to be seen, and the blank side of the brick house twenty feet away. An old, old ivy vine, gnarled and decayed at the roots, climbed half-way up the brick wall. The cold breath of autumn had stricken its leaves from the vine until its skeleton branches clung, almost bare, to the crumbling bricks.

"What is it, dear?" asked Sue.

"Six," said Johnsy, in almost a whisper. ["They are falling faster now. Three days ago there were almost a hundred. It made my head ache to count them. But now it's easy] There goes another one. There are only five left now."

"Five what, dear? Tell your Sudie."

"Leaves. On the ivy vine. (When the last one falls I must go too. I've known that for three days. Didn't the doctor tell you?"

"Oh, I never heard of such nonsense," complained Sue, with magnificent scorn. "What have old ivy leaves to do with your getting well? And you used to love that vine so, you naughty girl. Don't be a goosey. Try to take some broth now, and let Sudie go back to her drawing, so she can sell the editor man with it, and buy port wine for her sick child, and pork chops for her greedy self."

"You needn't get any more wine," said Johnsy, keeping her eyes fixed out the window.

"There goes another. No, I don't want any broth. That leaves just four. I want to see the last one fall before it gets dark. Then I'll go too."

"Johnsy, dear," said Sue, bending over her, "will you promise me to keep your eyes closed, and not look out of the window until I am done working? I must hand those drawings in by tomorrow. I need the light or I would draw the shade down."

"Couldn't you draw in the other room?" asked Johnsy coldly.

"I'd rather be here by you," said Sue. "Besides, I don't want you to keep looking at those silly ivy leaves."

"Tell me as soon as you have finished," said Johnsy, closing her eyes, and lying white and still as a fallen statue, "because I want to see the last one fall. I'm tired of waiting. I'm tired of thinking. I want to turn loose my hold on everything, and go sailing down, just like one of those poor, tired leaves."

"Try to sleep," said Sue. "I must call Behrman up to be my model for the old hermit miner. I'll not be gone a minute. Don't try to move till I come back."

Old Behrman was a painter who lived on the ground floor beneath them. He was past sixty and had a Michael Angelo's ^{immaculate} Moses beard curling down from the head of a satyr along the body of an imp. [Behrman was a failure in art. Forty years he had wielded the brush without getting near enough to touch the hem of his Mistress's robe.] He had been always about to paint a master-piece, but had never yet begun it. For several years he had painted nothing except now and then a daub in the line of commerce or advertising, but he still talked of his coming masterpiece. For the rest he was a fierce little old man, who scoffed terribly at softness in anyone, and who regarded himself as especial mastiff-in-waiting to protect the two young artists in the studio above.

Sue found Behrman in his dimly-lighted den below. She told him of Johnsy's fancy, and how she feared she would, indeed, light and fragile as a leaf herself, float away when her slight hold upon the world grew weaker.

Old Behrman, with his red eyes plainly streaming, shouted his contempt and derision for such idiotic imaginings.

"Vass'," he cried. "Is dere people in de world mit der foolishness to die because leafs dey drop off from a confounded vine?"

"She is very ill and weak," said Sue, "and the fever has left her mind morbid and full of strange fancies."

"You are just like a woman!" yelled Behrman. "Go on. I come mit you."

Johnsy was sleeping when they went upstairs. Sue pulled the shade down to the window-sill and motioned Behrman into the other room. [In there they peered out the window fearfully at the ivy vine. Then they looked at each other for a moment without speaking.] A persistent, cold rain was falling, mingled with snow.

When Sue awoke from an hour's sleep the next morning she found Johnsy with dull, wide-open eyes staring at the drawn green shade.

"Pull it up! I want to see," she ordered, in a whisper.

Wearily Sue obeyed.

But, lo! after the beating rain and fierce gusts of wind that had endured through the livelong night, there yet stood out against the brick wall one ivy leaf. It was the last on the vine. Still dark green near its stem, but with its serrated edges tinted with the yellow of dissolution and decay; it hung bravely from a branch some twenty feet above the ground.

"It is the last one!" said Johnsy. "I thought it would surely fall during the night. I heard the wind. It will fall to-day, and I shall die at the same time."

"Dear, dear!" said Sue, leaning her worn face down to the pillow; "think of me, if you won't think of yourself. What would I do?"

But Johnsy did not answer. The loneliest thing in all the world is a soul when it is making ready to go on its mysterious, far journey. The fancy seemed to possess her more strongly as one by one the ties that bound her to friendship and to earth were loosed.

The day wore away, and even through the twilight they could see the lone ivy leaf clinging to its stem against the wall. And then, with the coming of the night the north wind was again loosed, while the rain still beat against the windows and pattered down from the low Dutch eaves.

When it was light enough Johnsy, the merciless, commanded that the shade be raised.

The ivy leaf was still there.

Johnsy lay for a long time looking at it. And then she called to Sue, who was stirring her chicken broth over the gas stove.

"I've been a bad girl, Sudie," said Johnsy. "Something has made that last leaf stay there to show me how wicked I was. It is a sin to want to die. You may bring me a little broth now, and some milk with a little port in it, and—no; bring me a hand-mirror first; and then pack some pillows about me, and I will sit up and watch you cook."

An hour later she said—

"Sudie, some day I hope to paint the Bay of Naples."

The doctor came in the afternoon, and Sue had an excuse to go into the hallway as he left.

"Even chances," said the doctor, taking Sue's thin, shaking hand in his. "With good nursing you'll win. And now I must see another case I have downstairs. Behrman, his name is—some kind of an artist, I believe. Pneumonia, too. He is an old, weak man, and the attack is acute. There is no hope for him; but he goes to the hospital today to be made more comfortable."

The next day the doctor said to Sue: "She's out of danger. You've won. Nutrition and care now—that's all."

And that afternoon Sue came to the bed where Johnsy lay, contentedly knitting a very blue and very useless woollen shoulder scarf, and put one arm around her, pillows and all.

"I have something to tell you, white mouse," she said. "Mr. Behrman died of pneumonia today in hospital. He was ill only two days. The janitor found him on the morning of the first day in his room downstairs helpless with pain. His shoes and clothing were wet through and icy cold. They couldn't imagine where he had been on such a dreadful night. And then they found a lantern, still lighted, and a ladder that had been dragged from its place, and some scattered brushes and a palette with green and yellow colours mixed on it, and—
[look out the window, dear, at the last ivy leaf on the wall. Didn't you wonder why it never fluttered or moved when the

wind blew? Ah, darling, it's Behrman's masterpiece—he painted it there the night that the last leaf fell.”

NOTES

swagger: walk or behave in a self-important or self-satisfied manner

ragtime: popular music of U. S. Negro origin

satyr: immortal creature, half man and half animal

mastiff: large, strong dog with drooping ears, much used as a watchdog

janitor: doorkeeper

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4. PAINTING AS A PASTIME

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

Sir Winston Churchill (1874-1965) was the eldest son of Lord Randolph Churchill. He was the prime minister of England. His “War Speeches”, “The Second World War” and “A History of the English-speaking Peoples” are famous.

Change the master key. A man can wear out a particular part of his mind by continually using it and tiring it, just in the same way as he can wear out the elbows of his coat. There is, however, this difference between the living cells of the brain and inanimate articles; one cannot mend the frayed elbows of a coat by rubbing the sleeves or shoulders; but the tired parts of the mind can be rested and strengthened not merely by rest, but by using other parts. It is not enough merely to switch off the lights which play upon the main and ordinary field of interests; a new field of interest must be illuminated. It is no use saying to the third “mental muscles”—if one may coin such an expression—“I will give you a good rest,” “I will go for a long walk,” or “I will lie down and think of nothing.” The mind keeps busy just the same. If it has been weighing and measuring, it

goes on weighing and measuring. If it has been worrying, it goes on worrying. It is only when new cells are called into activity, when new stars become the lords of the ascendant, that relief, repose, refreshment are afforded.

A gifted American psychologist has said, "Worry is a spasm of the emotion; the mind catches hold of something and will not let it go. It is useless to argue with the mind in this condition. The stronger the will, the more futile the task. One can only gently insinuate something else into its convulsive grasp. And if this something else is rightly chosen, if it is really attended by the illumination of another field of interest, gradually, and often quite swiftly, the old undue grip relaxes and the process of recuperation and repair begins. The cultivation of a hobby and new forms of interest is therefore a policy of first importance to a public man. But this is not a business that can be undertaken in a day or swiftly improvised by a mere command of the will. The growth of alternative mental interests is a long process. The seeds must be carefully chosen; they must fall on good ground; they must be sedulously tended, if the vivifying fruits are to be at hand when needed.

To be really happy and really safe, one ought to have at least two or three hobbies, and they must all be real. It is no use starting late in life to say: "I will take an interest in this or that." Such an attempt only aggravates the strain of mental effort. A man may acquire great knowledge of topics unconnected with his daily work, and yet hardly get any benefit or relief. (It is no use doing what you like; you have got to like what you do.)^c Broadly speaking, human beings may be divided into three classes: those who are toiled to death, those who are worried to death, and those who are bored to death. It is no use offering the manual labourer, tired out with a hard week's sweat and effort, the chance of playing a game of football or baseball on Saturday afternoon. It is no use inviting the politician or the professional or business man, who has been working or worrying about serious things for six days, to work or worry about trifling things at the weekend.

As for the unfortunate people who can command everything they want, who can gratify every caprice and lay their hands

on almost every object of desire—for them a new pleasure, a new excitement is only an additional satisfaction. In vain they rush frantically round from place to place, trying to escape from avenging boredom by mere clatter and motion. For them discipline in one form or another is the most hopeful path,

Choose well, choose wisely, and choose one. Concentrate upon that one. Do not be content until you find yourself reading in it with real enjoyment. The process of reading for pleasure in another language rests the mental muscles; it enlivenes the mind by a different sequence and emphasis of ideas. The mere form of speech excites the activity of separate brain-cells, relieving in the most effective manner the fatigue of those in hackneyed use. One may imagine that a man who blew the trumpet for his living would be glad to play the violin for his amusement. So it is with reading in another language than your own.

But reading and book-love in all their forms suffer from one serious defect: they are too nearly akin to the ordinary daily round of the brain-worker to give that element of change and contrast essential to real relief. To restore psychic equilibrium we should call into use those parts of the mind which direct both eye and hand. Many men have found great advantage in practising a hand-craft for pleasure. Joinery, chemistry, book-binding, even bricklaying, if one were interested in them and skilful at them—would give a real relief to the over-tired brain. But, best of all and easiest to procure are sketching and painting in all their forms. I consider myself very lucky that late in life I have been able to develop this new taste and pastime.

When I left the Admiralty at the end of May, 1915, I still remained a member of the Cabinet and of the War Council. In this position I knew everything and could do nothing. The change from the intense executive activities of each day's work at the Admiralty to the narrowly-measured duties of a counsellor left me gasping. Like a sea-beast fished up from the depths, or a diver too suddenly hoisted, my veins threatened to burst from the fall in pressure. I had great anxiety and no means of relieving it; I had vehement convictions and small

power to give effect to them. I had to watch the unhappy casting-away of great opportunities, and the feeble execution of plans which I had launched and in which I heartily believed. I had long hours of utterly unwonted leisure in which to contemplate the frightful unfolding of the War. At a moment when every fibre of my being was inflamed to action, I was forced to remain a spectator of the tragedy, placed cruelly in a front seat. (And then it was that the Muse of Painting came to my rescue—out of charity and out of chivalry, because after all she had nothing to do with me—and said, "Are these toys any good to you? They amuse some people.")

Some experiments one Sunday in the country with the children's paint-box led me to procure the next morning a complete outfit for painting in oils.

Having bought the colours, an easel, and a canvas, the next step was to begin. But what a step to take: The palette gleamed with beads of colour; fair and white rose the canvas; the empty brush hung poised, heavy with destiny, irresolute in the air. (My hand seemed arrested by a silent veto.) But after all the sky on this occasion was unquestionably blue, and a pale blue at that. There could be no doubt that blue paint mixed with white should be put on the top part of the canvas. One really does not need to have had an artist's training to see that, it is a starting point open to all. So very gingerly I mixed a little blue paint on the palette with a very small brush, and then with infinite precaution made a mark about as big as a bean upon the affronted snow-white shield. It was a challenge, a deliberate challenge; but so subdued, so halting, indeed so cataleptic, that it deserved no response. At that moment the loud approaching sound of a motor-car was heard in the drive. From this chariot there stepped swiftly and lightly none other than the gifted wife of Sir John Lavery. "Painting! But what are you hesitating about? Let me have a brush—the big one." Splash into the turpentine, wallop into the blue and white, frantic flourish on the palette—clean no longer—and then several large, fierce strokes and slashes of blue on the absolutely cowering canvas. Anyone could see that it could not hit back. No evil fate avenged the jaunty viol-

ence. The canvas grinned in helplessness before me. The spell was broken. The sickly inhibitions rolled away. I seized the largest brush and fell upon my victim with Berserk fury. I have never felt any awe of a canvas since.

(Painting is a companion with whom one may hope to walk a great part of life's journey.)

Age cannot wither her nor custom stale

Her infinite variety.

One by one the more vigorous sports and exacting games fall away. Exceptional exertions are purchased only by a more pronounced and more prolonged fatigue. Muscles may relax, and feet and hands slow down; the nerve of youth and manhood may become less trusty. (But painting is a friend who makes no undue demands, excites to no exhausting pursuits, keeps faithful pace even with feeble steps, and holds her canvas as a screen between us and the envious eyes of Time or the surely advance of Decrepitude.

(Happy are the painters, for they shall not be lonely.) Light and colour, peace and hope, will keep them company to the end, or almost to the end, of the day.)

NOTES

spasm: sudden convulsive movement

recuperation: recovery

equilibrium: balance

palette: board (with a hole for the thumb) on which an artist mixes his colours

wallop: beat severely, hit hard

decrepitude: the state of being decrepit or weak on account of old age

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5. THE ORIGIN OF PETROLEUM

G. D. HOBSON

The present extract is taken from "A Handbook of the Petroleum Industry." The author, G. D. Hobson, points out how crude oil and gas have moved in the rocks. Oilfields have been found in sedimentary rocks.

Speculation regarding the origin of crude oil and the associated materials has evoked many hypotheses. Some of these appear to have been satisfactorily discounted, but others still find favour in various quarters. The problem is exceedingly difficult. It is universally accepted that crude oil and gas have moved in the rocks, and none would assume that the arrangement according to densities or that the high concentration in the space occupied is original.

This mobility means that the oil has moved from the point where it originated. Consequently the environment in which it originated is not necessarily immediately apparent. However, there are cases of oil accumulations in small sandstone lenses enclosed by clays, and for these it is difficult to visualize much movement of the oil; it must have been formed in the sandstone or in the adjacent clays. If it was formed in the sandstone, it must have been formed after the sandstone was covered by clay below the sandstone, its passage to the sandstone must have been delayed until the sandstone had its clay cover, or again it might have escaped.

Present views on the mode of origin of oil are of necessity based on facts and experiments which are not always capable of a unique interpretation. Oilfields have been found in sedimentary rocks ranging from Cambrian to Plio-Pleistocene in age; a small number occur in igneous or in metamorphic rocks, but these occurrences can be readily explained by migration from sedimentary rocks which are always near at hand.

Oilfields are most common in marine rocks, some are found in non-marine rocks. The present depth of a reservoir rock is not necessarily the maximum depth it has ever attained. It does not seem reasonable to assume that all oilfields have been buried at some time as deeply as the deposit now being developed. Indeed, plausible arguments suggest that some have been buried to only a fraction of this depth. On this basis it seems likely that the oil was formed at depths which did not involve rock temperatures approaching at all closely to 100°C. If depth of burial is significant with regard to the formation of oil, it is not in itself an indicator of whether time, temperature, or pressure, or some combination of these was critical.

Moreover, if observation has revealed no oilfield which is not at, or has not been at, a certain depth this does not mean that the depth in question is necessarily significant with respect to the formation of oil.

Investigations have shown small amounts of hydrocarbons in organisms, both marine and terrestrial. However, they are as yet far from showing, even in aggregate, the wide range of compounds found in crude oils. Studies of rocks, especially the finegrained types such as clays and shales, have disclosed the presence of appreciable amounts of organic matter. This organic matter is complex, but, in general, there has been little evidence of material which could be considered to be crude oil.

In recent years, however, studies on cores of geologically young deposits, obtained in drilling wells off the Gulf Coast of USA, have revealed the presence of small amounts of oily and asphaltic matter. Chromatographic separations of the former have demonstrated that it contains paraffins, naphthenes and aromatics, types of hydrocarbons which are prominent in crude oils. Furthermore, according to carbon isotope determinations, the hydrocarbons are similar in age to the enclosing sediments, both being some thousands of years old. Similar observations have been made on other marine, and on some lake, deposits.

Elemental analyses of the organic matter of marine slimes, recent and ancient sediments have indicated some tendency with

increased age to approach the elemental composition of petroleum. The significance of this is debatable, for much of the organic matter now found in ancient sediments may have nothing to do with the formation of oil, and may not even be an organic by-product from compounds which have in part been converted into crude oil.

It is well known that the bacterial decomposition of certain organic substances under suitable conditions will yield methane, and there is one report which gives the presence also of very small amounts of some of the higher members of the paraffin series. Laboratory work has been singularly unfruitful in providing hydrocarbons other than methane biochemically, although it may be argued that, in a variety of ways, the conditions have differed from those likely to obtain in Nature.

(Studies using heat to cause organic matter to yield oily products have invariably involved working temperatures far higher than can have occurred in oilfield areas.) Moreover, they have commonly been made on materials which seem a most illogical starting-point for oil generation in Nature. In view of the probable complexity of the reactions involved, it is arguable as to how far a transformation which takes place rapidly at a high temperature is likely to occur in a far longer time at a much lower temperature. Some have suggested that catalysts aid in this matter, but there appear to be no obviously relevant experimental data.

Certainly there seem to be no associations; these may not be cause and effect relationships, but possibly consequences of the conditions of deposition.

(Radio-active bombardment of some organic substances has given liquid hydrocarbons, always associated with much gas.) It also seems possible that such bombardment may cause a single hydrocarbon to become a spread series of hydrocarbons. The gaseous products in the first case include much hydrogen, and this element is prominent in the products of some bacterial decompositions, yet it is conspicuously absent in the natural

gas associated with crude-oil accumulations, Measurable radio-activity is known in sedimentary rocks, especially in shales and clays.

NOTES

igneous: (of rocks) formed by volcanic action

marine: found in, produced by, the sea

terrestrial: of the earth or land

shale: soft rock that slips easily into layers

methane: odourless, colourless inflammable gas

6. MEDEA

IAN SERRAILLIER

Medea, in Greek mythology, was a magician. She was the daughter of Aetes, King of Colchis. When Jason came to Colchis in quest of the golden fleece, he and Medea fell in love. The Greek story of Medea is brought to life by the author, Ian Serraillier, in modern English.

[When Jason reported to the Argonauts he was full of gloom, Peleus at once offered to go in his place, but Jason had accepted the challenge and intended to stand by his promise.

["I am sure Medea would give you any help you asked for," said Telamon, who had not missed the smile she had given Jason. "She is so skilled in magic that she can put out a forest fire, dam up torrents, and halt the moon and the stars."

["Why not meet her in the temple of Hecate?" said Augeias. "She always goes there at dawn."

The Argonauts approved, all except Idas, who scoffed, "Must you look to women to get you out of trouble? You should ask

Ares the god of war instead." But as he always disagreed with everyone they took no notice of his opinion.

There was no need to hide *Argo* in the reeds any longer, so they rowed her upstream and made her fast with hawsers to the jetty. A crowd soon gathered to stare at the handsome strangers. Medea came disguised as one of her maids, with a veil over her face. She had fallen in love with Jason and could not wait to look at him again.

At nightfall the crowd drifted home. Soon the streets were empty, the dogs had stopped barking, and the lights in the sleeping city had been snuffed out.

But Medea could not sleep. (She could see the bulls overwhelming Jason in great waves of fire, and the earth army trampling him to death.) Could she protect him with her magic drugs without her father knowing? He would kill her if he found out. Yet, as his daughter she owed him loyalty and obedience. Torn between her love for Jason and her feelings for her father, she decided to go to the temple at dawn and ask the goddess what to do.

[She lay down on her bed and tried in vain to sleep. She kept running to the window to search the sky—why was the day so long in coming?] When at last the stars began to fade she brushed the tangles from her hair, wiped the tears from her cheeks, and put on a long black dress and her loveliest jewellery. Then with a silver veil over her head and a box of magic ointment in her girdle, she went out.

In the courtyard her carriage was ready. Two maids handed her the reins and whip and stepped in beside her, and off she drove. Her other maids tucked their skirts above their knees and ran along behind, holding on to the wicker back. She did not stop till they had reached the wood where the path to the temple started, by which time her poor maids were quite out of breath, for she had been driving much faster than usual. Stepping down from the carriage, she dismissed them and told them to return for her at noon.

Then she walked unhurriedly along the path under the pine trees, but as soon as her maids were out of sight (she broke into a run)

Suddenly she stopped. Jason was standing on the temple steps. She wanted to run into his arms, but could not move. And when he saw her she blushed and did not know where to look.

"Why are you afraid of me?" he said, as he took her trembling hand. "This is a holy place, and I hope we meet as friends. In the name of Zeus, the protector of strangers, I have come to ask for your help. Without it I could never succeed in the task your father has set me."

Medea was delighted. She quite forgot that she had come to take her orders from the goddess, and at once gave Jason the magic ointment she had brought.

"Tomorrow at sunrise you must bathe in the river, then melt this ointment and rub it into your skin. Smear some on your armour as well. It is made from the blood-red juice of the yellow crocus and has such power that neither the bulls nor the earth-born army will be able to harm you. But remember this—it can protect you only till sunset."

"Can it bring me victory, too?" said Jason. "How is one man alone to kill a whole army?" *Ref*

"Let them kill themselves," said Medea. "Hide yourself, and as soon as the first few soldiers spring up throw a boulder among them. [This will turn their fury on themselves and they will fight each other.]"

Jason fell on his knees and, thanking her from his heart, swore he would never forget her.

"I wish I could be sure of that, said Medea. "Greece is a long way from Colchis." And as she thought of him sailing off with his prize and leaving her behind, the tears began to trickle down her face. [If you ever break your word, I shall fly over the seas and plague you like the Harpies.] *sworn on with war*

They laughed and sat down on the ground and talked together. At midday they were still talking, and by then Jason

had already promised Medea nothing less than to take her home with him and make her his bride. He was about to seal his promise with a kiss, when they were startled by a sudden noise of laughter in the bushes. Turning round, they saw Medea's maids peering at them through the leaves and giggling like schoolgirls.

Jason shook his fist at them in mock anger, but Medea felt ashamed before her maids and leapt to her feet.

"I sent you back to the palace," she said, her eyes flashing.

"You told us to return for you at noon," they answered pertly. "It is past noon already."

"It seems no time at all since I came here," said Jason.

He would have liked to finish the kiss that the maids had interrupted, but Medea did not think this was the moment for tenderness. She ran after her maids and scolded them all the way back to the carriage. Then she took the whip and reins in her hand and, as the carriage bowled along, tried to think of some way of paying them out. But by the time they reached the palace she had forgotten all about them. She could think of nothing but Jason.

NOTES

hawser: thick heavy rope; thin steel cable (used on ships)

jetty: structure built out into the sea as a breakwater or as a landing place

plague: annoy, trouble

harpy: cruel creature with a woman's face and a bird's wings and claws

pertly: not showing proper respect

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7. YOUNG MENUHIN'S GREATEST CHALLENGE

(The critics came to jeer—and left cheering.)

ROBERT MAGIDOFF

The author, Robert Magidoff, gives a very glowing account of Yehudi Menuhin's success as a solo violinist. He gives some very deft touches to the description. Those who came to ridicule remained to admire.

It was the evening of November 25, 1927. Chubby 11-year-old Yehudi Menuhin, dressed in short trousers, had just arrived for his appearance as solo violinist with the New York Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall. On his way from the stage entrance to the artists' room he saw a large fire axe hanging on the wall. "What's that for?" he asked a fireman standing near by.

"To chop the heads off the soloists who don't play well," was the reply.

"And how many heads have you already cut off?" asked Yehudi.

"Oh, quite a few," said the fireman with a friendly wink.

There were those in the audience that night who expected the young Menuhin head to roll. Foremost among them were the music critics. For it had been announced that the boy would play the Beethoven violin concerto, which the critics regarded as nothing short of sacrilege. "They felt that this difficult master-piece should not be attempted by anyone except the most mature artist; that it was impossible for a child's small hands, no fingering."

As a matter of fact, a simple number—the A-major Mozart—had been suggested when Yehudi first received the invitation to appear with the New York symphony. "But I've waited so long," young Yehudi said to his father. "I will play the Mozart as an encore, but I must do the Beethoven first. Please make them let me."

"I'll do my best, Yehudi," his father said gently. He did not tell the boy that word had already come from Fritz Busch, the famous German who was to conduct that night, that he refused even to consider the Beethoven. The conductor's reply to all arguments was, "One does not allow Jackie Coogan to play Hamlet." *Comed. m.*

One day, however, Yehudi's managers arranged for him and his teacher, Louis Persinger, to have an audition with Busch in the latter's hotel suite. The conductor displayed a studied coldness towards his young soloist. He was provoked by Yehudi's insistence on playing the Beethoven concerto and he happened to dislike all prodigies. He had been a prodigy himself, and shuddered at the recollection. Moreover, at this particular concert he was giving the world premiere of a new work by his brother Adolph, violinist and composer, and he would never forgive himself if his small boy ruined the evening.

As the audition of the Beethoven concerto was about to get under way, Persinger made a move towards the Piano. Busch, however, sat down at the instrument himself. Calm and purposeful, Yehudi lifted the lid of his violin case, laid back the green velvet shield and handed the violin to Persinger to be tuned (his small hands were still too weak to twist the pegs into position). Busch smiled sardonically and plunged into the final part of the orchestral introduction. Yehudi adjusted his instrument, raised the bow and released the first measures with their broken octaves so feared by violinists.

As the boy played on, Busch signalled to Persinger to replace him at the piano. The conductor retired to a corner, his whole bearing betraying excitement and suddenly he interrupted the music and threw his arms round Yehudi. "You can play anything with me any time, anywhere," he cried. Yehudi impatiently disentangled himself and continued to play.

Busch kept him there for more than an hour, going over various passages and practising in particular the pauses so significant in Beethoven. Later, at Yehudi's first rehearsal with the orchestra, even the completely conquered Busch was amazed to find that the boy had not overlooked a single point.

At the end of that first rehearsal, the musicians accorded Yehudi a standing ovation and Busch made an amazing announcement. Contrary to all accepted practice at the time, he had decided to shift the concerto soloist to the second half of the programme. "No orchestra and no conductor could complete with the overpowering effect of this Yehudi's first appearance," he frankly admitted in his autobiography. "Not a creature in Carnegie Hall would have had ears for any music whatever after Yehudi had played his last bar."

Carnegie Hall was packed to the roof and charged with expectation on the evening of November 25. When Busch appeared on the stage after the interval, he was treated warmly, but all eyes turned towards the entrance on the left from which would enter the boy whose story had so excited the public imagination. There was an outburst of applause when he came out, chubby and awkward in white silk blouse and black velvet shorts. Showing no trace of self-consciousness, he took his place near Busch, acknowledged the applause with a jerkey nod of the head and, businesslike, handed his beloved Gracino to the leader to be tuned.

There was a breathless silence in the hall when the kettle-drum announced the opening of the concerto, followed by the clear, lyrical voice of the woodwinds. Yehudi stood unruffled, so absorbed in the music and seemingly oblivious of his part in the performance that some people feared he would miss his entrance. But with only a few seconds to spare, he adjusted the thick, black pad which dangled from his violin, placed the instrument under his chin and raised his bow. At the great singing tone that filled the hall there was a gasp, an exchange of amazed glances, a slight stirring and then the hush of complete absorption.

It was only during the Joachim cadenza, when the soloist remained alone to face its exacting technical and intellectual challenge, that the audience once more became aware of the absurd size of the violinist. (Now listeners reflected on his pure intonation and sense of rhythm, and marvelled at the fingering, the trills, the perfect co-ordination between spirit and muscle.) Unable to contain their excitement and amazement at

the end of the cadenza, the audience burst into applause, threatening to stop the performance. Supported by Busch and the orchestra, Yehudi returned them to Beethoven with all the authority of a veteran.

It remained only for his incredibly graceful execution of the finale to complete a performance that was followed by an unforgettable ovation. [People shouted and yelled, many with tears in their eyes, while the men in the orchestra rose and joined in the noise.]

[At this point Yehudi's extraordinary aplomb left him, and he suddenly looked like the bewildered small boy he was. Catching sight of Persinger in the wings, he dragged him on to the stage, pointing at him and applauding.) Persinger finally managed to disengage himself, and vanished, but still the applause went on. Finally, Yehudi had to appear in his overcoat, cap in hand, before the audience would let him go.

[Even the music critics, forgetful of deadlines, had stayed on to applaud the young violinist.]

Next morning Olin Downes wrote in the New York Times: "I had come to the hall convinced that a child could play the violin no more effectively than a trained seal. (I left with the conviction that there is no such thing as an infant prodigy but that there is such thing as a great artist who begins at an early age.)"

Time, and Yehudi Menuhin, have vindicated that judgment.)

[YEHUDI MENUHIN "fulfilled a long cherished desire" when at the invitation of Pandit Nehru, he first visited India in 1952. Asked what drew him to the country, he replied: "The gentle spirit and peace-loving nature of its people." Afterwards he wrote: "When I visited India I felt almost a kinship with the people there."

Again invited by the Prime Minister, he paid a second visit in 1954. On each occasion he toured the country and gave performances in many places, including Delhi, Lucknow, Calcutta, Madras and Bombay. The entire proceeds from these concerts he donated to the Prime Minister's National Relief Fund.

When the Asian Music Circle was formed in London in 1953, Menuhin became its first president. The Circle seeks to foster friendship between East and West through a greater understanding of each other's cultures. "Western music," says Menuhin, "stands to gain much from India and to receive inspiration from the East."]

NOTES

chubby: plump

sacrilege: disrespectful treatment of what should be sacred

encore: Repeat! Again!

(call for a) repetition (of a song, etc)

audition: trial hearing to test the voice of a singer, speaker etc.

prodigy: person who has unusual or remarkable abilities

8. THE MISER

GEORGE ORWELL

George Orwell is the pen-name of Eric Blair (1903-1950), who was born in Bengal, brought to England at an early age and educated at Eton. He worked in Paris and London in a series of ill-paid jobs, described in "Down and Out in Paris and London" (1933), from which this extract is taken. His political satires, "Animal Farm" and "Nineteen Eighty Four," were immensely popular.

It was on this day that Charlie told me about the death of old Roucolle the miser, who had once lived in the quarter. Very likely Charlie was lying as usual, but it was a good story.

Roucolle died, aged seventy-four, a year or two before I went to Paris, but the people in the quarter still talked of him while I was there. He never equalled Daniel Dancer or anyone of that kind, but he was an interesting character. He went to Les Halles every morning to pick up damaged vegetables, and ate cats' meat, and wore newspaper instead of underclothes, and used the wainscoting of his room for firewood, and made himself a pair of trousers out of a sack—all this with half a million francs invested. [I should like very much to have known him.]

[Like many misers, Roucolle came to a bad end through putting his money into a wildcat scheme.] One day a Jew appeared in the quarter, an alert, business-like young chap who had a first-rate plan for smuggling cocaine into England. It is easy enough, of course, to buy cocaine in Paris, and the smuggling would be quite simple in itself; only there is always some spy who betrays the plan to the customs or the police. It is said that this is often done by the very people who sell the cocaine, because the smuggling trade is in the hands of a large combine, who do not want competition. (The Jew, however, swore that there was no danger. He knew a way of getting cocaine direct from Vienna, not through the usual channels, and there would be no blackmail to pay. He had got into touch with Roucolle through a young Pole, a student at the Sorbonne, who was going to put four thousand francs into the scheme if Roucolle would put six thousand. For this they could buy ten pounds of cocaine, which would be worth a small fortune in England.)

The Pole and the Jew had a tremendous struggle to get the money from between old Roucolle's claws. [Six thousand francs was not much—he had more than that sewn into the mattress in his room—but it was agony for him to part with a soul.] The Pole and the Jew were at him for weeks on end, explaining, bullying, coaxing, arguing, going down on their knees and imploring him to produce the money. (The old man was half frantic between greed and fear.) His bowels yearned at the thought of getting, perhaps, fifty thousand francs' profit, and yet he could not bring himself to risk the money. (He used to sit in a corner with his head in his hands, groaning and sometimes yelling out in agony, and often he would kneel down (he was very pious) and pray more from exhaustion than anything else.) He gave in quite suddenly; he slit open the mattress where his money was concealed and handed over six thousand francs to the Jew.

The Jew delivered the cocaine the same day, and promptly vanished. And meanwhile, as was not surprising after the fuss Roucolle had made, the affair had been noised all over the quar-

ters. The very next morning the hotel was raided and searched by the police.

Roucolle and the Pole were in agonies. The Police were downstairs, working their way up and searching every room in turn, and there was the great packet of cocaine on the table, with no place to hide it and no chance of escaping down the stairs. The Pole was throwing the stuff out of the window, but Roucolle would not hear of it. (Charlie told me that he had been present at the scene. He said that when they tried to take the packet from Roucolle he clasped it to his breast and struggled like a madman, although he was seventy-four years old. He was wild with fright, but he would go to prison rather than throw his money away.)

At last, when the police were searching only one floor below, somebody had an idea. A man on Roucolle's floor had a dozen tins of face-powder which he was selling on commission; it was suggested that the cocaine could be put into the tins and passed off as face-powder. The powder was hastily thrown out of the window and the cocaine substituted and the tins were put openly on Roucolle's table, as though there were nothing to conceal. A few minutes later the police came to search Roucolle's room. They tapped the walls and looked up the chimney and turned out the drawers and examined the floorboards, and then, just as they were about to give it up, having found nothing, the inspector noticed the tins on the table.

"Tiens," he said, "have a look at those tins. I hadn't noticed them. What's in them, eh?"

"Face-powder," said the Pole as calmly as he could manage. But at the same instant Roucolle let out a loud groaning noise, from alarm, and the police became suspicious immediately. They opened one of the tins and tipped out the contents, and after smelling it, the inspector said that he believed it was cocaine. Roucolle and the Pole began swearing on the names of the saints that it was only face-powder; but it was no use, the more they protested the more suspicious the police became. The two men were arrested and led off to the police station, followed by half the quarter.

At the station, Roucolle and the Pole were interrogated by the Commissaire while a tin of the cocaine was sent away to be analysed. Charlie said that the scene Roucolle made was beyond description. He ^{condemned} ~~went~~, prayed, made contradictory statements and denounced the Pole all at once, so loud that he could be heard half a street away. The policemen almost burst with laughing at him.

After an hour a policeman came back with the tin of cocaine and a note from the analyst. He was laughing.

"This is not cocaine, monsieur," he said.

"What, not cocaine?" said the Commissaire.

"Mais, alors—what is it, then?"

"It is face-powder."

Roucolle and the Pole were released at once, entirely exonerated but very angry. The Jew had ^{created} ~~doublecrossed~~ them. [Afterwards, when the excitement was over, it turned out that he had played the same trick on two other people in the quarter.]

The Pole was glad enough to escape, even though he had lost his four thousand francs, but poor old Roucolle was utterly broken down. He took to his bed at once, and all that day and half the night they could hear him thrashing about, mumbling, and sometimes yelling out at the top of his voice:

"Six thousand francs! Six thousand francs!"

(Three days later he had some kind of stroke, and in a fortnight he was dead—of a broken heart, Charlie said.)
~~Sorrow~~

NOTES

wainscot: wooden panelling (usually on the lower half of the walls of a room)

wildcat (scheme): reckless, unsound, impracticable (scheme)

cocaine: drug used by doctors as a local anaesthetic

exonerate: free (from blame etc.)

double-cross: cheat or betray (each of two parties, usually by pretending collusion with both)

9. SPEED

ROBERT LYND

Robert Lynd (1879-1949), one of the most accomplished of modern essayists, was Literary Editor of the "Daily News" (later the "News Chronicle"). As "Y. Y." he was a regular contributor to the "New Statesman." He was "John O' London" in "John O' Londons Weekly."

I met the other day a man who works on the railway, and, as the conversation turned on the scarcity of various wild animals nowadays, he said: "Have you noticed how seldom you see a hare today? My goodness, we used to have hares running along the railway tracks. It was one of the commonest sights to see them running between the lines in front of a train and beating the train every time." "But not an express train," I suggested. "Yes," he said, "they would run in front of an express train just the same. Always kept the same distance in front of it; and I have never known the train to overtake them." Rather surprised, I asked him how it was that greyhounds ever overtook hares and whether greyhounds also ran faster than express trains. He said: "If a hare went straight on instead of turning, a greyhound could never catch it. It's the same with a rabbit. If a rabbit ran in a straight line from a stoat, the stoat could never catch it. But a rabbit gets kind of mesmerised and runs in circles. That's what finishes it;" and he gave me some unpleasant details of the way in which stoats compass the death of rabbits.

I have always been divided between my delight in (the speed of other living creatures and my pleasure in the dilatoriness of that other living creature that is myself). I drew much consolation during my childhood from the tale of the hare and the tortoise, for I was a tortoise myself, incapable of winning a race even against the village cripple. At the same time, though I was a tortoise, I was as much inclined as any hare to take a rest under a tree and to let the world pass by me. There were

few things in my copy-book that seemed to commend my way of life; but one of them was the proverb: "More haste, less speed;" I liked to walk with a deliberate ^{intentionally} slowness, as a challenge to the mockery of the school athletes whom I loved. When I came to the school gates I used to slow down my pace to a snail's crawl, mainly because I knew that John Ferris, captain of the school fifteen, would be waiting in the porch and making ribald remarks about me to others as an antedated physical wreck—a devitalised Methuselah in his teens. ~~Pose?~~ Of course, it was a pose. (Shakespeare, who knew something about life, said that all the world's a stage; and my chosen part was that of the tortoise,

None the less I worshipped speed; and I suppose no one can have idolised a swift three-quarter back—or, as he was then called, half-back—more than I did. Sam Lee, the schoolboy international, was to me the sort of man Pindar used to write odes about. Would W. B. Smyth's knee recover in time for him to play in the school cup final? That was a question that caused me even more anguished thought than whether the obscure pain from which I was suffering was the first symptom of hip-joint disease—one of the ~~neurotic~~ ^{neurotic} fancies of those days. Never did I see a boy or man running well in the football field without feeling as much pleasure in the sight as in hearing good music. (Speedless myself, I adored speed) and I adore it still. Those who were present at Twickenham at the last match played between the French Army and the British Army will remember a try scored by a tall French three-quarter back who, beginning near his own goal line, outran and outswerved fifteen eminent English players and crossed the line, and how the ranks of Tuscany rose in the stands and cheered him again and again as the men and women of Dublin must have cheered at the first performance of the Messiah. Recall, too, Obolensky's two tries against the New Zealanders not long before the war. These were the stuff of poetry, and it was just that, when Obolensky tragically crashed at the beginning of the war, Mr. Ivor Brown, who loves the game, should celebrate his fame in verse.

the reins was always good, but to drive him slightly faster than one's uncle drove him—that was the ideal. And speed under a blue sky prepared one for the sermon. After one unyoked the horse in the stable of the country town public-house, one enjoyed the Presbyterian service as part of a day in paradise.

Sliding, again, was pleasant over winter ponds. I was always a Pickwickian slider, inclined to turn back to front and to get in the way of the other sliders before they had reached the end of their journey. But, even so, the sense of speed, as one's boots moved across this frictionless Utopia, made one feel as happy as a bird with the freedom of the air. Skating was even better. To tear across ice-bound stretches of water by moonlight—even if the world would end tonight—seemed the acme of enjoyment; and this though one had no genius for the outside edge. I have never taken part in winter sports, but I can understand the pleasure happier men have experienced in those extraordinary footless swoops through mid-air. It must be almost as good as shooting the chute, as I used to do at Earl's Court, and did once more some time after midnight at Southport on the last occasion of the total eclipse of the sun in England.

(The older I grow, however, the less envious I feel) of those living creatures that accomplish speeds beyond the conception of the pedestrian human race. They say that there is a species of Brazilian bot-fly, called the cephemyia, only a half-inch in length, which can travel at the rate of eight hundred miles an hour. (I am sure I can attain as fine a sense of speed by urging my Austin Twelve up to forty-five miles an hour.) (One of the curious paradoxes about speed is that it is only in the low-powered cars that one has a sense that one is driving, as we Victorians used to say, like the Devil.) High-powered cars move so smoothly that even when they are running at seventy miles an hour they give the impression that they are proceeding at walking pace. (To enjoy speed today, the truth is, one has to travel in a rather antiquated low-powered car.) When W. E. Henley wrote his ode in praise of speed, after his first experience of motoring, he had probably driven in a car that

went about as fast as a peacetime bus making its way from Victoria station to Hampstead.

Hence, in this age of relativity, with its eight hundred miles an hour there is no need even to envy the record of the hare that runs between railway lines and keeps a few yards in front of the express train. (Human beings cannot compete with such monsters,) but they can obtain all the ecstasy of speed by swimming from one end to the other of a swimming bath or by trying to win a hundred yards' race under ten seconds, or by overtaking a ten-year-old car on the road with a car two years older.

(Speed, some people say, is the curse of the modern world.) But it was also the ideal of all the ages. I wonder what was the pace of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, who drove furiously. Probably much less than that of taxi-cab creeping through London in the year 1942.

NOTES

Pindar: (c. 522-422 B.C.), the Greek lyric poet, of whose work only his odes survive in complete form

Mr. Ivor Brown: (b. 1891), dramatic critic; formerly leader-writer for the "Manchester Guardian"; Editor of the "Observer," 1942-1948

Hyperion: a famous racehorse; winner of the Derby

shooting the chute: in the early years of this century a popular form of amusement at the Earl's Court Exhibition consisted in "shooting" down a sloping platform ("chute") in a flat-bottomed boat into an expanse of water

the pace of Jehu, the son of Nimshi:

see the Second Book of Kings, ix, 20

10. A DAYS WAIT

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Ernest Hemingway (1898-1961) was a famous American short story writer and novelist, who was born in Illinois. He was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1954.

He came into the room to shut the windows while we were still in bed and I saw he looked ill. He was shivering, his face was white, and he walked slowly as though it ached to move.

“What’s the matter, Schatz?”

“I’ve got a headache.”

“You better go back to bed.”

“No, I’m all right.”

“You get to bed, I’ll see you when I’m dressed.”

But when I came downstairs he was dressed, sitting by the fire, looking a very sick and miserable boy of nine years. When I put my hand on his forehead I knew he had a fever.

“You go up to bed,” I said, “you’re sick.”

“I’m all right,” he said.

When the doctor came he took the boy’s temperature.

“What is it?” I asked him.

“One hundred and two.”

Downstairs, the doctor left three different medicines in different coloured capsules with instructions for giving them. One was to bring down the fever, another a purgative, the third to overcome an acid condition. The germs of influenza can only exist in an acid condition, he explained. He seemed to know all about influenza and said there was nothing to worry about if the fever did not go above one hundred and four degrees. This was a light epidemic of ‘flu and there was no danger if you avoided pneumonia.

Back in the room I wrote the boy's temperature down and made a note of the time to give the various capsules.

"Do you want me to read to you."

"All right, if you want to," said the boy. His face was very white and there were dark areas under his eyes. He lay still in the bed and seemed very detached from what was going on.

[I read aloud from Howard Pyle's Book of Pirates; but I could see he was not following what I was reading.]

2 "How do you feel, Schatz?" I asked him.

"Just the same, so far," he said.

I sat at the foot of the bed and read to myself while I waited for it to be time to give another capsule. [It would have been natural for him to go to sleep, but when I looked up he was looking at the foot of the bed looking very strangely.]

"Why don't you try to go to sleep? I'll wake you up for the medicine."

4 "I'd rather stay awake."

After a while he said to me, ^{gum honey} "You don't have to stay in here with me Papa, if it bothers you."

(It doesn't bother me.)

5 "No, I mean you don't have to stay if it's going to bother you."

I thought perhaps he was a little lighthearted and after giving him the prescribed capsules at eleven o'clock I went out for a while.

It was a bright, cold day, the ground covered with a sleet that had frozen so that it seemed as if all the bare trees, the bushes, the cut brush and all the grass and the bare ground had been varnished with ice. I took the young Irish setter for a little walk up the road and along a frozen creek, but it was difficult to stand or walk on the glassy surface and the red dog slipped and slithered and I fell twice, hard, once dropping my fur and having it slide away over the ice.

We flushed a covey of quail under a high clay bank with overhanging brush and I killed two as they went out of sight

over the top of the bank. Some of the covey lit in trees, but most of them scattered into brush piles and it was necessary to jump on the ice-coated mounds of brush several times before they would flush. Coming out while you were poised unsteadily on the ice, springy brush they made difficult shooting and I killed two, missed four, and started back pleased to have a covey close to the house and happy there were so many left to find on another day.

At the house they said the boy had refused to let anyone come into the room.

["You can't come in," he said. "You mustn't get what I have."]

I went up to him and found him in exactly the position I had left him, white-faced, but with the tops of his cheeks flushed by the fever, starting still, as he had stared, at the foot of the bed.

I took his temperature.

"What is it?"

"Something like a hundred," I said. It was one hundred and two and four-tenths.

"It was a hundred and two," he said.

"Who said so?"

"The Doctor."

"Your temperature is all right," I said, "and it's nothing to worry about."

"I don't worry," he said "but I can't keep from thinking."

"Don't think," I said. "Just take it easy."

"I'm taking it easy," he said.

"Don't think it easy," he said, and looked straight ahead. He was evidently holding right on to himself about something.

"Take this with water."

"Do you think it will do any good?"

"Of course, it will."

I sat down and opened the private book and commenced to read, but I could see he was not following, so I stopped.

[“About what time do you think I’m going to die?”] he said.
“What?”

“About how long will it be before I die.”

“You aren’t going to die. What’s the matter with you?”

[“Oh, yes, I am. I heard him say a hundred and two.”]

[“People don’t die with a fever of one hundred and two. That’s a silly way to talk.”]

“I know they do. At schools in France the boys told me you can’t live with forty-four degrees. I’ve got a hundred and two.” He had been waiting to die all day, ever since nine o’clock in the morning.

“You poor Schatz,” I said. [“Poor old Schatz. It’s like miles and kilometres. You aren’t going to die. That’s a different thermometer. On that thermometer thirty-seven is normal. On this kind it’s ninety-eight.”]

“Absolutely,” I said. “It’s like miles and kilometres. You know, like how many kilometres we make when we do seventy miles in the car?”

“Oh,” he said.

[But his gaze at the foot of the bed relaxed slowly.] The hold over himself relaxed too, finally, and the next day it was very slack and he cried very easily at little things that were of no importance.

NOTES

sleet: falling snow or hail mixed with rain

slither: slide or slip unsteadily

covey: brood, small flock

quail: small bird, similar to a partridge, valued as food

11. CHAMELEON

A.P. CHEKHOV

Anton Pavlovich Chekhov (1860-1904) was a famous Russian dramatist and short-story writer. He studied medicine in Moscow, where he began writing short humorous stories for journals. Later he wrote plays. Since 1903 the greater part of Chekhov's work has been translated.

Police Inspector Ochumelov crossed the market-place in a new great-coat holding a bundle in his hand. After him strode a red-haired constable carrying a sieve filled to the brim with confiscated gooseberries. All around was silence..... There was not a soul in the market-place..... The open doors of small shops and taverns gaped drearily out at God's world, like so many hungry jaws. There were not even any beggars standing near them.

All of a sudden the sound of a voice came to Ochumelov's ears. "So you'd bite, would you, you cur! Don't let it go, lads! Biting is not allowed nowadays. Hold it! Ow!"

A dog's whine was heard. Ochumelov glanced in the direction of the sound and this is what he saw: a dog came running out of the timber yard of the merchant Pichugin on three legs, pursued by a man in a starched print shirt and an unbuttoned waistcoat, his whole body bent forward; the man stumbled and caught hold of the dog by one of its hind-legs. There was another whine, and again a shout of: "Don't let it go!" Drowsy faces were thrust out of shops, and in no time a crowd which seemed to have sprung out of the earth had gathered around the timber-yard.

["Looks like a public disturbance, Your Honour!" said the constable.]

Ochumelov turned, and marched up to the crowd. Right in front of the gate of the yard he saw the above mentioned individual in the unbuttoned waistcoat, who stood there with his right hand raised, displaying a bleeding finger to the crowd.

The words: "I'll give it to you, you devil!" seemed to be written on his tipsy countenance, and the finger itself looked like a banner of victory. Ochumelov recognized in this individual Khryukin, the goldsmith. In the very middle of the crowd, its forelegs well apart, sat the culprit, its whole body a-tremble—a white borzoi pup, with a pointed nose and a yellow spot on its back. In its tearful eyes was an expression of misery and horror.

"What's all this about?" asked Ochumelov, shouldering his way through the crowd. "What are you doing here? Why are you holding up your finger? Who shouted?"

"I was walking along, Your Honour, as quiet as a lamb," began Khryukin, coughing into his fist. "I had business about some wood with Mitri Mitrich here, and suddenly, for no reason whatever, that nuisance bit my finger. Excuse me, but I'm a working man. . . [Mine is a very intricate trade. Make them pay me compensation—perhaps I won't be able to move this finger for a week.] It doesn't say in the law, Your Honour, that we have to put up with ferocious animals. If everyone's to start biting, life won't be worth living. . . ."

"H'm. . . . well, well," said Ochumelov severely, coughing and twitching his eyebrows. "Well, well. . . . whose dog is it? I shan't leave it at this. I'll teach people to let dogs run about! It's time something was done about gentlemen who are not willing to obey the regulations! He'll get such a fine, the scoundrel. . . . [I'll teach him what it means to let dogs and cattle of all sorts rove about!] I'll show him what's what! Eldirin," he continued, turning to the constable, "find out whose dog it is, and draw up a statement. And the dog must be exterminated without delay. It's probably mad. . . . whose dog is it, I ask?"

"I think it belongs to General Zhigalov," said a voice from the crowd.

"General Zhigalov! H'm. Help me off with my coat, Eldirin. . . . Phew, how hot it is! It must be going to rain." He turned to Khryukin: "One thing I don't understand—how did it happen to bite you? How could it have got at your finger? Such a little dog, and you such a strapping fellow! You must have scratched your finger with a nail, and then taken it into

your head to get paid for it. I know you fellows! A set of devils!"

["He burned the end of its nose with a lighted cigarette for a joke, Your Honour, and it snapped at him] it's nobody's fool! That Khryukin's always up to some mischief, Your Honour!"

"None of your lies, Squinty! You didn't see me do it, so why lie? His Honour is a wise gentleman, he knows who's lying and who's telling a god's truth. May the justice of the peace try me if I'm lying! It says in the law....all men are equal now. I have a brother in the police myself, if you want to know...."

"Don't argue."

"No, that isn't the General's dog," remarked the constable profoundly. "The General hasn't got a dog like that. All his dogs are pointers."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure, Your Honour."

"And you're right! The General's dogs are expensive, breed-dogs, and this one—just look at it! Ugly, mangy' cur! Why should anyone keep a dog like that? Are you crazy? If a dog like that were to find itself in Moscow or Petersburg, d'you know what would happen to it? Nobody would worry about the law, it would be got rid of in a minute. You're a victim Khryukin, and mind you don't leave it at that. He must be taught a lesson! It's high time...."

"Perhaps it is the General's after all," said the constable, thinking aloud. "You can't tell by looking at it, I saw one just like it in his yard the other day."

"Of course it's the General's!" came the voice from the crowd.

"H'm! Help me on with my coat, Eldirin.... I felt a gust of wind. I'm shivery. Take it to the General's and ask them. Say I found it, and sent it. And tell them not to let it into the street. Perhaps it's an expensive dog, and it'll soon get spoilt if every brute thinks he can stick cigarettes into its nose. A dog's a delicate creature. [And you put down your hand, block-

head! Stop showing everyone your silly finger.] It's your own fault...."

"Here comes the General's chef, we'll ask him....hi, there, Prokhor! Come here, old man. Have a look at this dog....is it yours?"

"What next! We've never had one like that in our lives!"

"No need to make any more enquiries," said Ochumelov. It's a stray. What's the good of standing here talking. [You've been told it's a stray, so a stray it is.] Destroy it and have done with the matter."

"It isn't ours," continued Prokhor. "It belongs to the General's brother, who came a short time ago. Our General takes no interest in borzois. His brother now, he likes..."

"What, has the General's brother come? Vladimir Ivanich?" exclaimed Ochumelov, an ecstatic smile spreading over his features. "Fancy that! And I didn't know. Come to stay?"

"That's right."

"Just fancy! Wanted to see his brother! And I did not know. So it's his dog? Very glad! Take it....it's a nice little doggie! Snap at his finger? Ha-ha-ha! Come now don't tremble! Gr-gr... the little rascal's angry...What a pup!"

Prokhor called the dog and walked out of the timber-yard with it. The crowd laughed at Khryukin.

"I'll have you yet!" Ochumelov threatened him and wrapping his great-coat round him, he continued his way across the market-place.

NOTES

chameleon: small long-tongued animal whose colour changes according to its background

ochumelov: from the word *ochumeli*, crazed

tipsy: intoxicated

exterminate: destroy (completely)

strapping: big, tall, healthy-looking

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12. WHY COLLECT STAMPS ?

H. M. BURTON

The author, H. M. Burton, has given a lovely account of stamp-collecting as a hobby. He tells us the various reasons why stamps are collected.

To the genuine collector that is a foolish and pointless question which invites a rude answer. He will tell you not to be silly; why eat or breathe or sleep?

But we will suppose you are one of those tiresome people who are not so easily put off; you really want to know why people collect stamps. (After all it is not a matter of instinct like breathing and sleeping) you probably know quite a number of people who do not collect stamps and yet manage to live quite full and happy lives. So you ask as many as you can, "Why collect stamps?"

(The answers you will get will be many and various) ("It teaches you a lot about history and geography," is one of the reasons most frequently offered. Well, so it does. So do history and geography books) ("It increases your general knowledge." True again; but nobody honestly set out to collect stamps or anything else just to increase his general knowledge.) ("Stamps are works of art and a well-arranged collection has a strong aesthetic appeal.") But some of the most sought-after specimens are crude and inartistic, while many collectors confine themselves to used stamps, in which the beauty of the design (if any) is marred by an unsightly postmark. (It's an investment as well as a hobby.) That may be true, but for any investment to show substantial profits there must be considerable capital to start with, and stamp-collecting appeals to millions who have little or no money to "invest." In any case no true collector thinks primarily of making a profit out of his hobby.

[The truth seems to be (that mankind can be divided into two groups in this matter:)] there are those for whom collecting

things is apparently a necessity and there are those who go through life without ever feeling the desire. You see children coming away from the sea shore with a bucket full of shells, or even of pebbles: you see old ladies with cases and shelves crowded with little china ornaments: men have collected practically everything collectable, from walking-sticks to the labels on cheeses. [All these people have the collecting instinct, sometimes called the "Autolycus instinct" after a character in Shakespeare's "A Winter's Tale," who calls himself "a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."] They will try to explain their unusual hobby in different ways, but the real explanation is that they are obeying an instinct in themselves which they find it impossible to resist)

(Some of the stamp-collectors whom you invite to give their reasons for collecting will no doubt tell you that they inherited a collection from a father or an uncle; others received a parcel of stamps as a Christmas or birthday present; others had a friend or a relation who travelled widely and wrote home frequently from foreign parts—and indeed, these are the impulses which create most stamp-collectors to begin with. The point is that those with little or none of the collecting instinct soon lose interest; those who have the instinct highly developed find that they have embarked on a hobby that will absorb their spare time, and much of their spare cash, for a life time.) It is not completely true to say that once you start stamp-collecting seriously you will never give it up. People have to sell their collections, or they find with the increasing pressure of work that they can no longer afford the time to give to their hobby and the albums lie untouched for months, or even years, but it is a fact that once you have become a serious stamp-collector you will never lose interest in the hobby.

So if you are a stamp-collector and you are asked why you collect or "what you see in those little scraps of paper," there is only one answer you can give: ("I do because I like it.") You might, of course, go on to ask why this person collects gramophone records or that person is apparently mad about model

railways, or what another person sees in fishing. (A hobby is a very personal thing and that is all there is to it)

NOTES

crude: not having grace or refinement

unsightly: displeasing to the eye

impulse: sudden inclination to act without thought about the consequences

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13. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HEDGE

E. M. FORSTER

Edward Morgan Forster (1879-1970), educated at Tonbridge School and King's College, Cambridge, is a famous novelist. His novel "A Passage to India" has attracted much attention. "Some Aspects of the Novel" is the title of his Clark lectures at Cambridge. The present piece is from "The Collected Short Stories of E. M. Forster."

My pedometer told me that I was twenty-five; and, though it is a shocking thing to stop walking, I was so tired that I sat down on a milestone to rest. People outstripped me, jeering as they did so, but I was too apathetic to feel resentful, and even when Miss Eliza Dimbleby, the great educationist, swept past, exhorting me to persevere, I only smiled and raised my hat.

[At first I thought I was going to be like my brother, whom I had had to leave by the roadside a year or two round the corner. He had wasted his breath on singing and his strength on helping others. But I had travelled more wisely, and now it was only the monotony of the highway that oppressed me—dust under foot and brown crackling hedges on either side, ever since I could remember.

And I had already dropped several things—indeed, the road behind was strewn with the things we all had dropped; and the white dust was settling down on them, so that already they looked no better than stones. My muscles were so weary that I could not even bear the weight of those things I still carried. I slid off the milestone into the road, and lay there prostrate, with my face to the great parched hedge, praying that I might give up.

A little puff of air revived me. It seemed to come from the hedge: and, when I opened my eyes, there was a glint of light through the tangle of boughs and dead leaves. The hedge could not be as thick as usual. In my weak, morbid state, I longed to force my way in, and see what was on the other side. No one was in sight, or I should not have dared to try. [For we of the road do not admit in conversation that there is another side at all.]

[I yielded to the temptation, saying to myself that I would come back in a minute.] The thorns scratched my face, and I had to use my arms as a shield, depending on my feet alone to push me forward. Half-way through I would have gone back, for in the passage all the things I was carrying were scraped off me, and my clothes were torn. But I was so wedged that return was impossible, and I had to wriggle blindly forward, expecting every moment that my strength would fail me and that I should perish in the undergrowth.

Suddenly cold water closed round my head, and I seemed sinking down for ever. I had fallen out of the hedge into a deep pool. I rose to the surface at last, crying for help, and I heard someone on the opposite bank laugh and say: "Another!" And then I was twitched out and laid panting on the dry ground.

Even when the water was out of my eyes, I was still dazed, for I had never been in so large a space, nor seen such grass and sunshine. The blue sky was no longer a strip, and beneath it the earth had risen grandly into hills—clean, bare buttresses, with beech trees in their folds, and meadows and clear pools at their feet. But the hills were not high, and there was in the landscape a sense of human occupation—so that one might have

called it a park, or garden, if the words did not imply a certain triviality and constraint.

As soon as I got my breath, I turned to my rescuer and said:

"Where does this place lead to?"

"Nowhere, thank the Lord!" said he, and laughed. He was a man of fifty or sixty—just the kind of age we mistrust on the road—but there was no anxiety in his manner, and his voice was that of a boy of eighteen.

"But it must lead somewhere!" I cried, too much surprised at his answer to thank him for saving my life.

"He wants to know where it leads!" he shouted to some men on the hillside, and they laughed back, and waved their caps.

I noticed then that the pool into which I had fallen was really a moat which bent round to the left and to the right, and that the hedge followed it continually. The hedge was green on this side—its roots showed through the clear water, and fish swam about in them—and it was wreathed over with dog-roses and Traveller's Joy. But it was a barrier, and in a moment I lost all pleasure in the grass, the sky, the trees, the happy men and women, and realized that the place was but a prison for all its beauty and extent.

We moved away from the boundary, and then followed a path almost parallel to it across the meadows. I found it difficult walking, for I was always trying to out-distance my companion, and there was no advantage in doing this if the place led nowhere. I had never kept step with anyone since I left my brother.

I amused him by stopping suddenly and saying *hopelessly* disconsolately, "This is perfectly terrible. One cannot advance: one cannot progress." Now we of the road—

"Yes. I know."

"I was going to say, we advance continually."

"I know."

"We are always learning, expanding, developing. Why, even in my short life I have seen a great deal of advance—the

Transvaal War, the Fiscal Question, Christian Science, Radium. Here for example—”

I took out my pedometer, but it still marked twenty-five, not a degree more.

“Oh, it’s stopped! I meant to show you. It should have registered all the time I was walking with you. But it makes me only twenty-five.”

“Many things don’t work in here,” he said. “One day a man brought in a Lee-Metford, and that wouldn’t work.”

“The laws of science are universal in their application. It must be the water in the moat that has injured the machinery. In normal conditions everything works. (Science and the spirit of emulation—those are the forces that have made us what we are.”

I had to break off and acknowledge the pleasant greetings of people whom we passed. Some of them were singing. Some talking, some engaged in gardening, hay-making, or other rudimentary industries. They all seemed happy; and I might have been happy too, if I could have forgotten that the place led nowhere.

I was startled by a young man who came sprinting across our path, took a little fence in fine style, and went tearing over a ploughed field till he plunged into a lake, across which he began to swim. Here was true energy, and I exclaimed: “A cross-country race! Where are the others?”

“There are no others, my companion replied; and, later on, when we passed some long grass from which came the voice of a girl singing exquisitely to herself, he said again: “There are no others.” I was bewildered at the waste in production, and murmured to myself, “What does it all mean?”

He said: “It means nothing but itself,” and he repeated the words slowly, as if I were a child.

“I understand,” I said quietly, “but I do not agree.” [Every achievement is worthless unless it is a link in the chain of development.] And I must not trespass on your kindness any longer. I must get back somehow to the road, and have my pedometer mended.”

"First, you must see the gates," he replied, "for we have gates, though we never use them."

I yielded politely, and before long we reached the moat again, at a point where it was spanned by a bridge. Over the bridge was a big gate, as white as ivory, which was fitted into a gap in the boundary hedge. The gate opened outwards, and I exclaimed in amazement, for from it ran a road—just such a road as I had left—dusty under foot, with brown crackling hedges on either side as far as the eyes could reach.

"That's my road!" I cried.

He shut the gate and said: "But not your part of the road. It is through this gate that humanity went out countless ages ago, when it was first seized with the desire to walk."

I denied this, observing that the part of the road I myself had left was not more than two miles off. But with the obstinacy of his years he repeated: "It is the same road. This is the beginning, and though it seems to run straight away from us, it doubles so often, that it is never far from our boundary and sometimes touches it." He stooped down by the moat, and traced on its moist margin an absurd figure like a maze. As we walked back through the meadows, I tried to convince him of his mistake.

"The road sometimes doubles, to be sure, but that is part of our discipline. Who can doubt that its general tendency is onward? [To what goal we know not—it may be to some mountain where we shall touch the sky, it may be over precipices into the sea.] But that it goes forward—who can doubt that? It is the thought of that which makes us strive to excel, each in his own way, and gives us an impetus which is lacking with you.] Now that man who passed us—it's true that he ran well, and jumped well and swam well; but we have men who can run better, and men who can jump better and who can swim better. Specialization has produced results which would surprise you. Similarly, that girl—"

Here I interrupted myself to exclaim: "Good gracious me! I could have sworn it was Miss Eliza Dimpleby over there, with her feet in the fountain."

He believed that it was.

"Impossible! I left her on the road, and she is due to lecture this evening at Tunbridge Wells. Why, her train leaves Cannon Street in—of course my watch has stopped like everything else. She is the last person to be here."

"People always are astonished at meeting each other.] All kinds come through the hedge, and come at all times—when they are drawing ahead in the race, when they are lagging behind, when they are left for dead. I often stand near the boundary listening to the sounds of the road—you know what they are—and wonder if anyone will turn aside. It is my great happiness to help someone out of the moat, as I helped you. For our country fills up slowly, though it was meant for all mankind."

"Mankind have other aims," I said gently, for I thought him well-meaning; "and I must join them." I bade him good evening, for the sun was declining, and I wished to be on the road by nightfall. To my alarm, he caught hold of me, crying: "You are not to go yet." I tried to shake him off, for we had no interests in common, and his civility was becoming irksome to me. But for all my struggles the tiresome old man would not let go; and, as wrestling is not my speciality, I was obliged to follow him.

It was true that I could have never found alone the place where I came in, and I hoped that, when I had seen the other sights about which he was worrying, he would take me back to it. But I was determined not to sleep in the country, for I mistrusted it, and the people too, for all their friendliness. Hungry though I was, I would not join them in their evening meals of milk and fruit, and, when they gave me flowers, I flung them away as soon as I could do so unobserved. Already they were lying down for the night like cattle—some out on the bare hillside, others in groups under the beeches. In the light of an orange sunset I hurried on with my unwelcome guide, dead tired, faint for want of food, but murmuring indomitably: "Give me life, with its struggles and victories, with its failures and hatreds, with its deep moral meaning and its unknown goal."

At last we came to a place where the encircling moat was spanned by another bridge, and where another gate interrupted the line of the boundary hedge. It was different from the first gate; for it was half transparent like horn, and opened inwards. But through it, in the waning light, I saw again just such a road as I had left—monotonous, dusty, with brown crackling hedges on either side, as far as the eye could reach.

I was strangely disquieted at the sight, which seemed to deprive me of all self-control. A man was passing us, returning for the night to the hills, with a scythe over his shoulder and a can of some liquid in his hand. I forgot the destiny of our race. I forgot the road that lay before my eyes, and I sprang at him, wrenched the can out of his hand, and began to drink.

It was nothing stronger than beer, but in my exhausted state it overcame me in a moment. As in a dream, I saw the old man shut the gate, and heard him say: [“This is where your road ends, and through this gate humanity—all that is left of it—will come in to us.”]

Though my senses were sinking into oblivion, they seemed to expand ere they reached it. They perceived the magic song of nightingales, and the odour of invisible hay, and stars piercing the fading sky. The man whose beer I had stolen lowered me down gently to sleep off its effects, and, as he did so, I saw that he was my brother.

NOTES

pedometer: an instrument resembling a watch, for estimating the distance travelled on foot by recording the number of steps taken

Miss Eliza Dimbleby: an imaginary person

Transvaal War: the one in Transvaal in the north-eastern part of the Union of South Africa

The Fiscal Question: the controversy about Free Trade and Protection constantly agitated England

Christian Science: a religious sect founded in 1879 by Mary Baker Eddy in Boston, U.S.A.

Lee Metford: a kind of rifle

Traveller's Joy: the English virgin's flower, a plant

Tunbridge Wells: a town in Kent (S. E. England)

14. THE MARK OF VISHNU

KHUSHWANT SINGH

Khushwant Singh was educated at Government College, Lahore, and King's College, University of London, where he took his LL.B. and then was called to the Bar. Khushwant Singh has lectured at Oxford University, at Princeton, Rochester, Hawaii, and many other American universities. He is at present Editor of "The Illustrated Weekly of India." The present story is taken from his first book, a collection of stories entitled "The Mark of Vishnu."

Tara Nath

"This is for the Kala Nag," said Gunga Ram, pouring the milk into the saucer. "Every night I leave it outside the hole near the wall and it's gone by the morning."

"Perhaps it is the cat," we youngsters suggested.

"Cat!" said Gunga Ram with contempt. "No cat goes near that hole. Kala Nag lives there. As long as I give him milk, he will not bite anyone in this house. [You can all go about with bare feet and play where you like.]"

We were not having any patronage from Gunga Ram.

"You're a stupid old Brahmin," I said, "Don't you know snakes don't drink milk? At least one couldn't drink a saucerful every day. The teacher told us that a snake eats only once in several days. We saw a grass snake which had just swallowed a frog. It stuck like a blob in its throat and took several days to dissolve and go down its tail. We've got dozens of them in the lab, in methylated spirit. Why, last month the teacher bought one from a snake-charmer which could run both ways. It had another head with a pair of eyes at the tail. You should have seen the fun when it was put in the jar. There wasn't an empty one in the lab. So the teacher put it in one which had a Russell's Viper. He caught its ends with a pair of forceps, dropped it in the jar, and quickly put the lid on. There was an absolute storm as it went round and round in the glass tearing the decayed viper into shreds."

Gunga Ram shut his eyes in pious horror.

"You will pay for it one day. Yes, you will."

It was no use arguing with Gunga Ram. He, like all good Hindus, believed in the Trinity of Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva the creator, preserver, and destroyer. [Of these he was most devoted to Vishnu.] Every morning he smeared his forehead with a V mark in sandalwood paste to honour the deity. Although a Brahmin, he was illiterate and full of superstition. [To him, all life was sacred, even if it was of a serpent or scorpion or centipede.] Whenever he saw one he quickly shoved it away lest we kill it. He picked up wasps we battered with our badminton rackets and tended their damaged wings. Sometimes he got stung. It never seemed to shake his faith. The more dangerous the animal, the more devoted Gunga Ram was to its existence. Hence the regard for snakes, above all, the cobra, who was the Kala Nag.

"We will kill your Kala Nag if we see him."

"I won't let you. It's laid a hundred eggs and if you kill it all the eggs will become cobras and the house will be full of them. Then what will you do?"

"[We'll catch them alive and send them to Bombay.] They milk them there for anti-snake-bite serum. They pay two rupees for a live cobra. That makes two hundred rupees straightaway."

"Your doctors must have udders. I never saw a snake have any. But don't you dare touch this one. It is a phannyar—it is hooded. I have seen it. It's three hands long. As for its hood," Gunga Ram opened the palms of his hands and his head swayed from side to side. "You should see it basking on the lawn in the sunlight."

"[That just proves what a liar you are.] The phannyar is the male, so it couldn't have laid the hundred eggs. You must have laid the eggs yourself."

The party burst into peals of laughter.

"Must be Gunga Ram's eggs. We'll soon have a hundred Gunga Rams."

Gunga Ram was squashed. It was the lot of a servant to be constantly squashed. But having the children of the house-

hold make fun of him was too much even for Gunga Ram. They were constantly belittling him with their new-fangled ideas. They never read their scriptures. Nor even what the Mahatma said about non-violence. It was just shotgun to kill birds and the jars of methylated spirit to drown snakes. Gunga Ram would stick to his faith in the sanctity of life. He would feed and protect snakes because snakes were the most vile of God's creatures on earth. If you could love them, instead of killing them, you proved your point.

What the point was which Gunga Ram wanted to prove was not clear. He just proved it by leaving the saucerful of milk by the snake hole every night and finding it gone in the mornings.

One day we saw Kala Nag. The monsoons had burst with all their fury and it had rained in the night. The earth which had lain parched and dry under the withering heat of the summer sun was teeming with life. In little pools frogs croaked. The muddy ground was littered with crawling worms, centipedes, and velvety lady-birds. Grass had begun to show and the banana leaves glistened bright and glossy green. The rain had flooded Kala Nag's hole. He sat in an open patch on the lawn. His shiny black hood glistened in the sunlight. He was big—almost six feet in length, and rounded and fleshy as my wrist.

"Looks like a King Cobra. Let's get him."

Kala Nag did not have much of a chance. The ground was slippery and all the holes and gutters were full of water. Gunga Ram was not at home to help.

Armed with long bamboo sticks, we surrounded Kala Nag before he even scented danger. When he saw us his eyes turned a fiery red and he hissed and spat on all sides. Then like lightning Kala Nag made for the banana grove.

The ground was too muddy and he slithered. He had hardly gone five yards when a stick caught him in the middle and broke his back. A volley of blows reduced him to a squishy-squashy pulp of black and white jelly, spattered with blood and mud. His head was still undamaged.

"Don't damage the hood", yelled one of us. "We'll take Kala Nag to school."

So we slid a bamboo stick under the cobra's belly and lifted him on the end of the pole. We put him in a large biscuit tin and tied it up with string. We hid the tin under a bed.

At night I hung around Gunga Ram waiting for him to get his saucer of milk. "Aren't you going to take any milk for the Kala Nag tonight?"

"Yes," answered Gunga Ram irritably. "You go to bed."

He did not want any more argument on the subject.

["He won't need the milk any more."]

Gunga Ram paused.

"Why?"

"Oh, nothing. There are so many frogs about. They must taste better than your milk. You never put any sugar in it, anyway!"

The next morning Gunga Ram brought back the saucer with the milk still in it. He looked sullen and suspicious.

"I told you snakes like frogs better than milk."

Whilst we changed and had breakfast Gunga Ram hung around us. The school bus came and we clambered into it with the tin. As the bus started we held out the tin to Gunga Ram.

"Here's your Kala Nag. Safe in this box. We are going to put him in spirit."

We left him standing speechless, staring at the departing bus.

There was great excitement in the school. We were a set of four brothers, known for our toughness. We had proved it again.

"A king Cobra."

"Six feet long."

"Phannyar."

The tin was presented to the science teacher.

It was on the teacher's table, and we waited for him to open it and admire our skill. The teacher pretended to be indifferent and set us some problems to work on. With studied

matter-of-factness he fetched his forceps and a jar with a banded krait lying curled in muddy methylated spirit. He began to untie the cord around the box.

As soon as the cord was loosened the lid flew into the air, just missing the teacher's nose. There was Kala Nag. His eyes burnt like embers and his hood was taut and undamaged. With a loud hiss he went for the teacher's face. The teacher pushed himself back on the chair and toppled over. He fell on the floor and stared at the cobra, petrified with fear. The boys stood up on their desks and yelled hysterically.

Kala Nag surveyed the scene with his bloodshot eyes. His forked tongue darted in and out excitedly. He spat furiously and then made a bid for freedom. He fell out of the tin and to the floor with a loud plop. His back was broken in several places and he dragged himself painfully to the door. When he got to the threshold he drew himself up once again with his hood outspread to face another danger.

Outside the classroom stood Gunga Ram with a saucer and a jug of milk. As soon as he saw Kala Nag come up he went down on his knees. He poured the milk into the saucer and placed it near the threshold. With hands folded in prayer he bowed his head to the ground craving for forgiveness. In desperate fury, the cobra hissed and spat and bit Gunga Ram all over the head—then with great effort dragged himself into a gutter and wriggled out of view.

Gunga Ram collapsed with his hands covering his face. He groaned in agony. The poison blinded him instantly. Within a few minutes he turned pale and blue and froth appeared in his mouth. On his forehead were little drops of blood. These the teacher wiped with his handkerchief. Underneath was the V mark where the Kala Nag had dug his fangs.

NOTES

blob: small round mass

shreds: fragments, strips or pieces

glisten: shine brightly

sullen: silently bad-tempered

petrify: change into stone; take away power to think, feel, act etc.

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15. MAN IN THE FUTURE

BILL WILLIAMS

The author Bill Williams gave a delightful talk on the radio which has been included in this book. He delineates here what the future is going to be like.

We are easily tempted to think of the future almost as if it were a place—a sort of surroundings, an environment, which will simply be there and which we shall have to make the best of. But the whole point of technical advance is that it enables man to manipulate his environment—to live in the sort of conditions he wants to live in. So when you ask “What will man’s everyday surroundings be like in forty years’ time?” Other animals will get the environment they deserve; man will get the one he wants.

And will man be so very different in forty years’ time? I do not think so. Healthier, yes; I imagine we shall have mastered the viruses and the problem of cancer in the young; and I am sure we shall know enough to be able to avoid passing on hereditary abnormalities to our children; but I suspect that the illnesses and hurts of old age will still be with us, because I doubt whether we shall have overcome the necessity of growing old.

And shall we be any more sensible? No; certainly, not. The recorded history of several thousand years shows us that all the logical absurdities of man have always been with us; what we have not outgrown in 4,000 years we shall not outgrow in another forty. Here it is worth turning to science fiction for illumination; for if we are to look at the present and draw conclusions about the future, we have to extrapolate—that is, go beyond what we already know. But extrapolation is the whole business of science fiction, which at its best deserves far more critical attention than it normally receives. Some science-fiction writers have been content to see man humbled by more intelligent beings; but those who, in one story or another, have

predicted an improvement in man himself—to take only a few examples, Olaf Stapledon, John Wyndham, Van Vogt, and Howard Fast—have all suggested a mutation which has effectively changed man into a mentally different species, *Homo superior* in place of *Homo sapiens*. I am going to assume that this is not going to happen; that we are going to be stuck with man as he is; and given this, we can look at what is likely to happen to everyday life; eating, getting to work, talking when we get there, relaxing when we have finished; food, transport, communication, recreation—these are the four horses that I want to ride into the future.

Food is already becoming increasingly hygienic, quick-frozen, packaged and prepackaged in impregnable plastic containers; increasingly free from all taint of decay—forgetting the fact that many of the flavours of decay are of one sort or another. Already the production which we prize most highly due to the early stages of our organic food is becoming increasingly mechanized. One obvious step remains, and that is to produce all our food—the proteins, carbohydrates, fats, vitamins, roughage, and what-have-you—entirely synthetically. I was recently discussing this with a well-known animal physiologist, who told me that he thought our biochemical knowledge had now reached a stage when we could solve this problem—if we really wanted to—within three years. I think we shall want to. It would be expensive to do it now; but if it is possible to do it, it is possible to do it cheaply, in time.

In the days when all our food stores have become indistinguishable from chemists' shops, how shall we feel about real food—the sort that you dig up and boil, or catch and roast? I think there are three possibilities. Real food might become a prerogative of the very rich, like vintage wines, but I do not think so—it will still be too easy to come by. Or it might take on a purely ritual significance, an idea that has been suggested by both Olaf Stapledon and Robert Sheckley; and in some communities this is almost certain to happen. Or more likely, because of man's innate distrust of his physical appetites, eating genuine organic food will come to be regarded as obscene, and anybody who is found doing it will be heavily fined. This will

not, of course, entirely stop people from doing it; clandestine cabbages and illicit potatoes will still be grown in lighted cellars.

Traffic Jams in the sky:

What about transport? Already, vehicles are being segregated on to separate roads; already, traffic lights on some roads are timed so as to allow a given stream to move along an entire road as a single unit; a little more segregation, a little more organization, then the roads will themselves have become railways, but the carriages of these trains will be individually driven. Ordinary motorists will not mind, because about this time they will all possess small private flyers. Learner-flyers will be fined for rising vertically after they have signalled to turn left, careless-flyers will run out of fuel and save themselves by lassoing on to things like Nelson's column, having to be rescued by refuelling in mid-air by an aerial A.A. or R.A.C.; there will be floating beacons, flying policemen and three-dimensional traffic jams. It is sad to think that Harold Lloyd will not be there to make a film about it.

But in any case it will not last long, for most transport will become unnecessary. Factories will be run by computers, and so will offices. When I have to go to a meeting I shall not travel to London or Aberdeen; I shall go to a room in my house set aside for the purpose, a room largely consisting of a television screen, and I shall dial the map reference of my meeting. As in Arthur Clarke's *City Diaspar*, physical meeting between people will be rare: only our images will meet, unless direct communication is unavoidable.

And how shall we communicate? We shall still talk to each other. Shall we write? Not, I think, in the way we do today. Even today, handwriting is dying out. Those who seldom need to write find it a laborious process when they have to; those who must write a lot find it too slow. Handwriting as we know it will become a form of calligraphy, practised as an artistic hobby. Typing will last longer, but the time will come when the manual typewriter will in its turn become obsolete, and will be relegated to the status of a toy, like a child's

printing set. For already computers are beginning to tackle the problem of recognition of ordinary written texts; and already a simple computer exists which will obey verbal instructions. Put these ideas together, and you will see that even today we are within sight of the possibility of a machine that will take dictation, and will then automatically print out the dictated text. And since machine translation is already forging ahead, it is possible to imagine a machine which will translate as it goes. Moreover, since we have already made considerable progress in artificial human speech someone will undoubtedly make a machine which will actually serve as an interpreter, though I confess that I think it will be a lot bulkier than a human interpreter.

One of the dreams of science fiction is the universal translating machine, which will translate from any language even one hitherto unknown; you take these things on spaceships with you, and use them to talk to the inhabitants of other earth-type worlds. But this can only be possible if languages are no more than devices for clothing a limited number of ideas, concepts and relationships, which everybody shares: this may be true for members of a single species at about the same level of development, but even today translation may fail if a community, having never entertained a particular idea, has no words for it. I think the universal translating-machine is simply not on.

Ignorance about telepathy:

But there is another idea in science fiction. Over and over again we meet the idea of telepathy. Olaf Stapledon's fifth men, the inhabitants of Aruthus Clarke's Liss, John Wyndham's Chysalids, Van Vogt's Slan, and a whole host of individuals with this strange gift are scattered through an endless variety of stories. What is the truth about telepathy? The short answer is that we do not know; but what a lot of people do not realise it why we do not know. To be an accepted scientific fact, any phenomenon has to fulfil two conditions. First, it must be reproducible—we must be able to repeat it whenever we please. Secondly, we must have some sort of explanation as to how it works—this may be wrong, but it must fit the

accepted scientific knowledge of the time. We are prepared to do without either of these but not both.

The difficulty about all the experiments so far carried out on telepathy is that neither of these conditions is satisfied; current scientific thought gives us not the remotest idea of how telepathy might work, and we cannot reproduce the experiments at will. And so there are those who say that there is "nothing in it." This is an illogical attitude, because all we have done is to define science in such a way that there cannot be anything in it; it does not follow that telepathy does not happen. I incline to the view that there is something in it, though not perhaps as much as its devotees often claim. If we do ever prove the existence of telepathy without any doubt, it may be possible to develop this and related faculties; for the moment the case is not proven.

But if telepathy is possible, then this and our television facilities together will make genuine physical meeting forever unnecessary. You might argue that, since in man the sexes are separate, meeting will still be necessary if only for the purpose of procreating our species. But will it? In Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* a single human ovum could be fertilized, and then caused to divide so as to produce a vast number of identical fertilized eggs, which were then allowed to develop in special incubators. We cannot do it at the moment, but there is nothing biologically impossible about it, and we certainly shall be able to do it if we really want to.

Dream-worlds provided:

But however we have been produced, and whatever we may have to do to keep ourselves alive and fed, how shall we amuse ourselves? Here science fiction gives us two very different alternatives. Some authors have described utopias, cities of leisure devoted to artistic activities, to music, drama, painting, to athletics and the dance, and to contemplation. But Ray Bradbury, in his *Fahrenheit 451* has drawn a different picture. Here people live in rooms whose walls are television screens; from morning to night they live within their serial stories and even participate in them. At all other times they wear tiny

radio receivers in their ears, endlessly listening to light music. Even these elaborate devices might become unnecessary; both Stapledon and Clarke have suggested the possibility of conveying recorded experience direct to the brain. All our experiences would then be second-hand, created by a few professionals who would provide us with the dream-worlds in which we lived.

So what would our lives be like? There will always be a few people who decide overall policy like the innermost councils of present-day governments; but most of us, if we choose this sort of future, will remain incarcerated in our homes, taking our food-tablets, communicating by television if need be, living in our stock of dream-worlds, never meeting our fellows; perhaps, also as I think in Ray Bradbury, hurriedly locked away as antisocial if we overtly walk out-door. Books will be forbidden; and so will radio talks like this one.

Do you find this sort of prospect worrying, depressing, even frightening? I have envisaged nothing that will not be technically possible in forty years, if we really want it. Nothing I have discussed is quite impossible; all I have done is to project forward some of the things that are happening now; for it is what we want now that will decide what we get in the future; man, as ever, will make his own environment. It was Robert William Service who wrote the little poem that ends "Ah, the clock is always slow. It is later than you think". It is still true.

NOTES

homo sapiens: human beings; the species including all existing races of mankind

Nelson's Column: the statue of Lord Nelson in Trafalgar Square, London

Aldous Huxley: British novelist (1894-1963)

prerogative: exclusive right

calligraphy: the art of fine penmanship

incarcerated: imprisoned, confined

envisage: face, visualize

16. NOBEL AWARD ACCEPTANCE SPEECH

WILLIAM FAULKNER

William Faulkner (1897-1962) was an American novelist. "The Sound and the Fury" (1929) is a masterpiece. It is an astonishing display of technique and style. Besides his novels, Faulkner also published many excellent short stories, collected in 1950. He was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1949. The present piece is the speech he made on the occasion.

I feel that this award was not made to me as a man but to my work—a life's work in the agony and sweat of the human spirit, not for glory and least of all for profit, but to create out of the materials of the human spirit something which did not exist before. So this award is only mine in trust. It will not be difficult to find a dedication for the money part of it commensurate with the purpose and significance of its origin. But I would like to do the same with the acclaim too, by using this moment as a pinnacle from which I might be listened to by the young men and women already dedicated to the same anguish and travail, among whom is already that one who will some day stand here where I am standing.

Our tragedy today is a general and universal physical fear so long sustained by now that we can even bear it. There are no longer problems of the spirit. There is only the Question: When will I be blown up? Because of this, the young man or woman writing today has forgotten the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself which alone can make good writing because only that is worth writing about, worth the agony and the sweat.

He must learn then again. He must teach himself that the basest of all things is to be afraid; and teaching himself that forget it forever, leaving no room in his workshop for anything but the old verities and truths of the heart, the old universal truths lacking which any story is ephemeral and doomed—love and honour and pity and pride and compassion and sacrifice. Until he does so he labours under a curse. He writes

not of love but of lust, of defects in which nobody loses anything of value, of victories without hope, and worst of all without pity or compassion. He grieves grief on no universal bones, leaving no scars. He writes not of the heart but of the glands.

Until he relearns these things he will write as though he stood among and watched the end of man. I decline to accept the end of man. It is easy enough to say that man is immortal simply because he will endure; that when the last ding-dong of doom has clanged and faded from the last worthless rock hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening that even then there will still be one more sound; that of his puny inexhaustible voice, still talking. I refuse to accept this. I believe that man will not merely endure; he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance. The poet's, the writer's duty is to write about these things. It is his privilege to help man endure by lifting his heart, by reminding him of the courage and honour and hope and pride and compassion and pity and sacrifice which have been the glory of his past. The poet's voice need not merely be the record of man, it can be one of the props, the pillars to help him endure and prevail.

NOTES

pinnacle: high, slender mountain peak, highest point

travail: pains of childbirth

ephemeral: lasting for a very short time

ding-dong: sound of two bells striking alternately

prop: support

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17. CLIMB TO THE SUMMIT

MAJOR AHLUWALIA

The present extract is taken from Major HPS Ahluwalia's book "Higher Than Everest" (Memoirs of a Mountaineer). The world knows Major Ahluwalia as belonging to that band of select men who have conquered Everest. This is his exciting, at times incredible, and bitter struggle against the world's most formidable mountain. But it is also a poignant story of a more personal triumph—against the tragedy that left him paralysed and shattered his life.

The history of man's achievements records numerous instances where success has been snatched from the jaws of failure. As I look back to the events of the last few days of our ascent to the summit, I cannot help wondering at the miracle which turned an imminent defeat into victory. Was it fate or divine intervention or sheer human persistence which took us to our goal which seemed to elude us?

We had left the advance base camp on the morning of 26 May. The sky was cloudless and the weather seemed to hold no threat. Bidding me goodbye, Danu, the chief cook at the camp, said, "God will look after you. I shall await your return here." He gave each of us a hug and chanted some Buddhist prayers. It was a touching gesture and we began the climb. But before long misfortune dogged our steps. B.P. and I were sharing a rope, Rawat and Bogie the other, followed by twelve Sherpas. We had ascended about a third of the Lhotse face and gone past the site of the avalanche which we had dug the day before, when B.P. complained of a pain in the chest. We halted for a while and gave him some hot coffee but it did not help. We did not want to leave him behind but he felt quite uneasy and insisted that we proceed without him. "You must go on," he said. Somewhat perplexed and while still pondering what to do, we fortunately encountered at this point Vohra and party who were returning after their summit climb and a night's rest at Camp IV. He was worn out but greeted me warmly. "The climb upwards from South Col is a simple

affair," he said. This was cheering news and revived my flagging spirits.

When we reached Camp IV at a height of 25,000 ft., it was still sunny and warm. After a dinner of fried rice and yak meat we crawled into our sleeping bags. We had to use oxygen from here onwards and set the flow for the night at half a litre per minute. I remember I could not sleep because of the thought that should I happen to take a turn, the entire tent would roll down the Lhotse face. There was hardly any place for the tents to be pitched. The four tents which constituted this camp were all placed in a single-line formation. My tent which was supposed to be a two-man tent, could hardly be pitched. Almost half of it was hanging without any support underneath, and I had to be very careful. While I had a little nap, I soon discovered that due to a slight snowfall, the whole roof had come down on my face. I tried to lift the roof but found it extremely hard. I shouted for help but nobody could hear me because of the high winds which kept lashing at the tent. I nearly froze inside. I was literally pulled out of the tent next morning.

It was bitterly cold. Setting the oxygen flow at a litre per minute, we started at 10.15 a.m. It was a steady climb to the South Col which we reached in the early afternoon. As a preliminary to our camping here for the night, we looked round the camp sites of previous expeditions to see if we could retrieve anything of value. The sites used by the Swiss, the British and the Americans were all easily recognisable. Someone has called South Col "the highest rubbish heap in the world." This description was borne out by the many discarded items of stores we found at the site. On the way up we had come across an especially useful find—a full oxygen bottle left at Geneva Spur by the American expedition.

Phu Dorji and his party caught up with us soon. In spite of his protracted and arduous march, he was in excellent spirits. We re-checked our stock of oxygen and were not worried by the fact that if we did reach the summit we would not have any left for the trip downwards. After a delicious meal of hot tomato soup, chicken and fried rice, we were buoyant and looked for-

ward to the last camp. Although outside the winds were raging and threatening to blow up the tents like so many balloons, we were snug in our sleeping bags.

We woke up to find that all was well and, after consuming mugs of hot tea, were ready to move up by 7.30 a.m. The winds continued to be high. As we moved along the ridge—Phu Dorji, myself, Rawat, Bogie and seven Sherpas, in that marching order—Makalu was on one side and the distant slopes of Tibet, wreathed in clouds, on the other. The oxygen was set at two litres per minute. We moved to the couloir, cutting steps into the ice and making slow progress. Then we moved on to the rocks.

It was 11.30 when we reached our camp site, 27,930 ft. high just below Razor's Edge—so called because it is a very sharp edge extending for about 500 yards and walking over it is extremely difficult and dangerous. At this point the Sherpas bade us goodbye and left. There were now just the four of us—four men to pit their strength and stamina against the world's highest and most formidable peak.

We had levelled the site to make room for two tents. The speed of the wind had shot up to about 100 kilometres per hour and we pitched the tents close to each other. Phu Dorji and I were in one and Bogie and Rawat in the other. At this height, with its low humidity and low air pressure, plenty of fluids was the recommendation, and Phu Dorji was only too happy to follow it. He kept hopping around serving fruit juices, tea or coffee, and we must have amply made up for the cupful of water per hour which one is supposed to exhale at this altitude. Rawat came into our tent to inquire if we had any oil and spices as he wanted to fry some chicken. We had none and he had to be content by steam-heating it over melted ice. Earlier, taking advantage of the bright afternoon, I had gone out to take some movie shots. I fixed the camera on top of my ice axe which I had dug into the hard ice. It was freezing cold and my hands were shaky. But the panorama of the mountains around me as they stood majestically against the sky was too glorious to be missed. I photographed those which were within reach of the camera—Makalu, Lhotse, the South

Summit and Ama Dablam. The others I could only reach with my longing, wistful eyes.

When I returned exhausted but happy to the tent Phu Dorji had the evening meal ready. The steam-heated chicken was not easy to munch. In the cold our jaws worked slowly and I took an hour to bite into a few pieces. Changing into a new pair of socks and stockings, I crept into my sleeping bag for the night. The weather forecast over the wireless had not been too reassuring. It indicated that the weather might deteriorate by the next afternoon. We, therefore, planned to start early and return, if possible, before it took a turn for the worse. I took with me into the sleeping bag my reinder boots, boot covers, the movie camera and the turret lens, so that they could all be kept warm for use in the morning. Together with the oxygen apparatus, they made rather troublesome bed companions.

Although there was just space for one tent, since our summit party constituted two ropes, we had to make space for another tent. Here again, like at Camp IV, our tent could not fully rest on the ground. We tried to anchor it as best as we could but it kept lifting up from one side with the force of the wind. While my sleep was disturbed to some extent, Phu Dorji kept snoring. To him the lifting of the tent from one end probably felt like a rocking bed which he seemed to enjoy.

The wind kept lashing at the tent and my slumber was fitful. I woke up first at 9 p.m. and finally at 3 a.m. when I decided that I had enough sleep. Phu Dorji, fully dressed and accoutred, was sound asleep and still snoring, and it took me almost half an hour to wake him up. But once on his legs he was his usual energetic self. Surprisingly, in spite of my disturbed sleep, I too felt quite refreshed. I had a peep outside the tent to reconnoitre my surroundings. The sky was azure and cloudless, and the sun, yet hidden from my view, was beginning to tinge the mountain peaks with a golden hue. I brought out the camera and took some shots. Rawat and Bogie too were awake. Returning to the tents, we all had some hot coffee, checked our equipment, and by 5 a.m. were ready for the final ascent.

The wind was blowing at tremendous speed and there was not much foothold on Razor's Edge. Lashed and buffeted by the wind, I found it difficult to keep my balance. We dug our ice axes in and tightened the ropes but the winds were merciless and kept lashing us while the cold penetrated to the very marrow of our bones. The going became tough and there were moments when I felt like giving up the struggle. The main ridge had now ended but our path was hardly less hazardous. As we took a turn to the right, we were faced on the left with an unknown wall of slate rocks. Pressed against the loose, black slates, we clung to whatever handhold or foothold we could manage as we moved across like tiny flies against all the immensity. Below us was a straight fall of some 10,000 ft. into Tibet.

The winds shrieked and flayed us mercilessly. We dug our ice axes in and kept cutting steps but the higher we went the fiercer the wind blew. A raging thirst tormented me but my rope mates had their heads well down and were marching doggedly. I could not suggest a halt. With my companions I kept plodding on mechanically while an inner voice urged: "You can't quit, you must keep going, you must succeed!"

Slowly and cautiously we negotiated the big boulders of the South Summit. We did not go over the top but took a traverse to the left about seventy feet below till we came across a narrow gulley in the snow which we named India's Den. This gulley is on the main traverse from the South Col to Hillary's Chimney. We were quite relieved to see it as this was the only place sheltered from the high winds and had a small spot where we three could stand and sip some fruit juice. Beyond this point we wanted to be as light as possible. We left the fruit juice in here and also the oxygen bottle which we would use for our return journey from India's Den to the last camp. We set out again at 9 a.m., with one bottle each of oxygen left to take us to our destination and bring us back to this point. We regulated the flow at two litres a minute.

The foremost thought now in my mind was whether we would be able to climb Hillary's Chimney and come back to this place safely after achieving our goal, or would it prove

an insurmountable obstacle and rob us of success when it seemed within our grasp. Descending vertically for about thirty-five feet we came to some rocks and a narrow path that led us to the Chimney—an almost vertical obstacle between rock and snow cornice, which I had dreaded ever since I was selected for the expedition. Phu Dorji, who was ahead, tried climbing it but kept slipping. He would cut a step with the ice axe and gingerly place his foot on it but would slip all the same. His abortive attempts disheartened me but at last I saw him swing the ice-axe into the wall on the top and it held there with the blade driven in fully. Helped thus, he slowly crossed the Chimney. He asked Rawat to come up another way, from the rock side. Rawat too slipped and had to be pushed while I, who followed them, had literally to be pulled up.

In fact, negotiating the Chimney proved to be a most hazardous affair. Since I was at the rear of the rope and quite far away from Phu Dorji when he made his final attempt, I could not see the exact holds which he took. Rawat, not being able to push forward from the same place, had moved slowly to the left over a big boulder and thus ascended the top of the Chimney. I being in the corner could hardly see him moving up but tried to follow him. Not realising that I had gone too far left, when I stepped over the big boulder, it started rocking. I knew that with a little more pressure on it, the boulder would fall down along with me and I might possibly also bring down the other two climbers, in which case nobody would be able to stop us during a fall of 8,000 ft. I must have wasted at least fifteen minutes or more trying to push myself forward. From that point I could not see either Phu Dorji or Rawat nor attract their attention by shouting. I could only signal to them by pulling the rope twice which meant that I was in trouble and that they should anchor themselves and make preparations to pull me up. While tugging at the rope I nearly hit my back, with the oxygen cylinder, on a rock. If this had happened, the oxygen would have leaked out and I would have been left stranded.

We now found ourselves perched on an ice platform. From here the slope slacked gradually and there was rock to the

left and snow to the right. We followed the path between the two. The climbing was not steep now. There were only humps of rock or snow and often a mixture of both. Breathing, which had never been easy, became even more difficult. We would take a deep breath but it would shorten into a hiccup and we gasped for breath. Would the ascent never end? Each step now was a totally exhausting effort. Time and again I wondered if our quest was worth this terrible ordeal. But each time mind overruled matter and I found myself taking yet another step, cutting the ice if need be or merely climbing into steps already made by my rope partners.

The humps undulated endlessly. Sometimes there would be only rock, sometimes a snowy rock or a shoulder of snow. I kept asking myself how much longer and how much farther. Maybe it was far off; maybe we would have to turn back without reaching it. On every climb one is assailed by these doubts, and there comes a time the mind and body dwell on the sheer bliss of going downhill again. I was in such a state. Yet, another part in me urged me to go on. It couldn't be more than a few feet now—perhaps fifty or even less. But the slope led on and on. Heavens, was there no end? And then, suddenly, there was an end—no more little humps, only a white little dome curving slightly above us. Incredible! It was the summit of Everest.

NOTES

dog one's steps: keep close behind

avalanche: great mass of snow and ice at a high altitude, sliding down a mountain side

flagging (spirits): drooping (spirits)

formidable: causing fear or dread

reconnoitre: go to or near (a place or area occupied by enemy forces) to learn about their position, strength etc.

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18. THE MIRACLE—MERCHANT

SAKI

Saki is the pen-name of Hector Hugh Munro (1870-1916), who was born at Akyab, Burma. Munro is regarded as one of the greatest short story writers in English. He turned some of his short stories into one-act plays. The *Miracle-Merchant* is Munro's dramatic version of his short story "The Hen."

(SCENE: Hall—sitting room in Mrs. Beauwhistle's country house. French window right. Doors right centre and mid centre. Staircase left centre. Door left. Long table centre of stage, towards footlights, set with breakfast service. Chairs at table. Writing table and chair right of stage. Small hall table back of stage. Wooden panelling below staircase hung with swords, daggers, etc. in view of audience. Stand with golf-clubs, etc., left.

Mrs. Beauwhistle seated at writing table; she has had her breakfast. Enter Louis down staircase.)

Louis: Good morning, Aunt. (He inspects the breakfast dishes.)

Mrs. Beauwhistle: Good Morning, Louis.

Louis: Where is Miss Marlet? (Helps himself from dish.)

Mrs. Beauwhistle: She finished her breakfast a moment ago.

Louis (sits down): I'm glad we're alone; I wanted to ask you—(Enter Sturridge left with coffee, which he places on table and withdraws.) I wanted to ask you—

Mrs. Beauwhistle: Whether I could lend you twenty pounds I suppose?

Louis: As a matter of fact I was only going to ask for fifteen. Perhaps twenty would sound better.

Mrs. Beauwhistle: | The answer is the same in either case, and it's no. | I couldn't even lend you five. You see I've had no end of extra expenses just lately—

Louis : My dear aunt, please don't give reasons. (A charming woman should always be unreasonable, its part of her charm.) Just say, "Louis, I love you very much, but I'm damned if I lend you any more money." I should understand perfectly.

Mrs. Beauwhistle : Well, we'll take it as said. I've just had a letter from Dora Bittholz, to say she is coming on Thursday.

Louis : This next Thursday? I say, that's rather awkward isn't it?

Mrs. Beauwhistle : Why awkward?

Louis : Jane Martlet has only been here six days and she never stays less than a fortnight, even when she's asked definitely for a week. You'll never get her out of the house by Thursday.

Mrs. Beauwhistle : But why should I? She and Dora are good friends, aren't they? They used to be.

Louis : Used to be, yes; that is what makes them such bitter enemies now. Each feels that she has nursed a viper in her bosom. Nothing fans the flame of human resentment so much as the discovery that one's bosom has been utilised as a snake-sanatorium.

Mrs. Beauwhistle : But why are they enemies? What have they quarrelled about? Some man I suppose.

Louis : No. A hen has come between them.

Mrs. Beauwhistle : A hen! What hen?

Louis : It was a bronze Leghorn or some such exotic breed, and Dora sold it to Jane at a rather exotic price. They both go in for poultry breeding you know.

Mrs. Beauwhistle : If Jane agreed to give the price I don't see what there was to quarrel about—

Louis : Well, you see, the bird turned out to be an abstainer from the egg habit, and I'm told that the letters which passed between the two women were a revelation as to how much abuse could be got on to a sheet of notepaper.

Mrs. Beauwhistle : How ridiculous! Couldn't some of their friends compose the quarrel?

Louis : It would have been rather like composing the storm music of a Wagner opera. Jane was willing to take back some of her most libellous remarks if Dora would take back the hen.

Mrs. Beauwhistle : And wouldn't she?

Louis : Not she. She said that would be owning herself in the wrong, and you know that Dora would never, under any circumstances, own herself in the wrong. She would as soon think of owning a slum property in Whitechapel as do that.

Mrs. Beauwhistle : It will be a most awkward situation, having them both under my roof at the same time. Do you suppose they won't speak to one another?

Louis : On the contrary, the difficulty will be to get them to leave off. Their descriptions of each other's conduct and character have hitherto been governed by the fact that only four ounces of plain speaking can be sent through the post for a penny.

Mrs. Beauwhistle : What is to be done? I can't put Dora off, I've already postponed her visit once, and nothing short of a miracle would make Jane leave before her self-allotted fortnight is over.

Louis : I don't mind trying to supply a miracle at short notice—miracles are rather in my line

Mrs. Beauwhistle : My dear Louis, you'll be clever if you get Jane out of this house before Thursday.

Louis : I shall not only be clever, I shall be rich; in sheer gratitude you will say to me, "Louis, I love you more than ever, and here are the twenty pounds we were speaking about."

(Enter Jane door centre.)

Jane : Good morning, Louis.

Louis *(rising)* : Good morning, Jane.

Jane : Go on with your breakfast; I've had mine but I'll just have a cup of coffee to keep you company. *(Helps herself.)* Is there any toast left?

Louis : Sturridge is bringing some. Here it comes.

(*Sturridge enter left with toast rack. Jane seats herself and is helped to toast; she takes three pieces.*)

Jane : Isn't there any butter?

Sturridge : Your sleeve is in the butter, miss.

Jane : Oh, yes.

(*Helps herself generously. Exit Sturridge left.*)

Mrs. Beauwhistle : Jane dear, I see the Mackenzie-Hubbard wedding is on Thursday next. St. Peter's, Eaton Square, such a pretty church for weddings. I suppose you'll be wanting to run away from us to attend it. You were always such friends with Louisa Hubbard, it would hardly do for you not to turn up.

Jane : Oh I'm not going to bother to go all that way for a silly wedding, much as I like Louisa; I shall go and stay with her for several weeks after she's come back from her honeymoon. (*Louis grins across at his aunt.*) I don't see any honey!

Louis : Your other sleeve's in the honey.

Jane : Bother, so it is. (*Helps herself liberally.*)

Mrs. Beauwhistle (*rising*) : Well. I must leave you and go and do some gardening. Ring for anything you want, Jane.

Jane : Thank you, I'm all right.

(*Exit Mrs. Beauwhistle by French window right.*)

Louis (*pushing back his chair*) : Do you mind my smoking?

Jane (*still eating heartily*) : Not at all. (*Enter Sturridge with tray, left, as if to clear away breakfast things. Places tray, on side table, back centre, and is about to retire.*) Oh, I say can I have some more hot milk? This is nearly cold. (*Sturridge takes jug and exist left. Louis looks fixedly after him. Seats himself near Jane and stares solemnly at the floor.*)

Louis : Servants are a bit of a nuisance.

Jane : Servants a nuisance! I should think they are! The trouble I have in getting suited you would hardly believe. But I don't see what you have to complain of—your aunt is so wonderfully lucky in her servants. Sturridge for instance—he's

been with her for years and I'm sure he's a jewel as butlers go.

Louis: That's just the trouble. It's when servants have been with you for years that they become a really serious nuisance. The other sort, the here to-day and gone to-morrow lot, don't matter—you've simply got to replace them. It's the stayers and the jewels that are the real worry.

Jane: But if they give satisfaction—

Louis: That doesn't prevent them from giving trouble. As it happens, I was particularly thinking of Sturridge when I made the remark about servants being a nuisance.

Jane: The excellent Sturridge a nuisance! I can't believe it.

Louis: I know he is excellent and my aunt simply couldn't get along without him. But his very excellence has had an effect on him.

Jane: What effect?

Louis: (*solemnly*): Have you ever considered what it must be like to go on unceasingly doing the correct thing in the correct manner in the same surroundings for the greater part of a life-time? To know and ordain and superintend exactly what silver and glass and table linen shall be used and set out on what occasions, to have pantry and cellar and plate-cup-board under a minutely devised and undeviating administration, to be noiseless, impalpable, omnipresent, infallible?

Jane (*with conviction*): I should go mad.

Louis: Exactly. Mad.

(*Enter Sturridge left with milk jug which he places on table and exit left.*)

Jane: But—Sturridge hasn't gone mad.

Louis: On most points he's thoroughly sane and reliable, but at times he is subject to the most obstinate delusions.

Jane: Delusions—What sort of delusions? (*She helps herself to more coffee.*)

Louis : Unfortunately they usually centre round some-one staying in the house; that is where the awkwardness comes in. For instance, he took it into his head that Matilda Sheringham, who was here last summer, was the Prophet Elijah.

Jane : The Prophet Elijah! The man who was fed by ravens?

Louis : Yes, it was ravens that particularly impressed Sturridge's imagination. He was rather offended, it seems, at the idea that Matilda should have her private catering arrangements and he declined to compete with the birds in any way; he wouldn't allow any tea to be sent up to her in the morning and when he waited at table he passed her over altogether in handing round the dishes. [Poor Matilda could scarcely get anything to eat.]

Jane : How horrible! How very horrible! Whatever did you do?

Louis : It was judged best for her to cut her visit short. (*with emphasis*) In a case of that kind it was the only thing to be done.

Jane : I shouldn't have done that (*cuts herself some bread and butters it.*) I should have humoured him in some way. I should have said the ravens were moulting. I certainly shouldn't have gone away.

Louis : It's not always wise to humour people when they get these ideas into their heads. There's no knowing to what lengths they might go.

Jane : You don't mean to say Sturridge might be dangerous?

Louis : One can never be certain. [Now and then he gets some idea about a guest which might take an unfortunate turn.] That is what is worrying me at the present moment.

Jane (excitedly) : Why, has he taken some fancy about me?

Louis (who has taken a putter out of the stand, left, and is polishing it with an oil rag) : He has.

Jane : No, really? Who on earth does he think I am?

Louis : Queen Anne.

Jane: Queen Anne! What an idea! But anyhow there's nothing dangerous about her; she's such a colourless personality. No one could feel very strongly about Queen Anne.

Louis (*sternly*): What does posterity chiefly say about her?

Jane: The only thing I can remember about her is the saying "Queen Anne's dead."

Louis: Exactly. Dead.

Jane: Do you mean that he takes me for the ghost of Queen Anne?

Louis: Ghost? Dear no. Whoever heard of a ghost that came down to breakfast and the kidneys and toast and honey with a healthy appetite? No, it's the fact of you being so very much alive and flourishing that perplexes and irritates him.

Jane (*anxiously*): Irritates him?

Louis: Yes. All his life he has been accustomed to look on Queen Anne as the personification of everything that is dead and done with, "as dead as Queen Anne" you know, and now he has to fill your glass at lunch and dinner and listen to your accounts of the gay time you had at the Dublin Horse Show, and naturally he feels that there is something scandalously wrong somewhere.

Jane (*with increased anxiety*): But he wouldn't be downright hostile to me on that account, would he? Not violent?

Louis (*carelessly*): I didn't get really alarmed about it till last night, when he was bringing in the coffee. I caught him scowling at you with a very threatening look and muttering things about you.

Jane: What things?

Louis: That you ought to be dead long ago and that someone should see to it, and that if no one else did, he would. (*Cheerfully*) That's why I mentioned the matter to you.

Jane: This is awful: Your aunt must be told about it at once.

Louis: My aunt mustn't hear a word about it. It would upset her dreadfully. She relies on Sturridge for everything.

Jane : But he might kill me at any moment!

Louis : Not at any moment: he's busy with the silver all the afternoon.

Jane : What a frightful situation to be in, with a mad butler dangling over one's head.

Louis : Of course it's only a temporary madness; perhaps if you were to cut your visit short and come to us some time later in the year he might have forgotten all about Queen Anne.

Jane : Nothing would induce me to cut short my visit. You must keep a sharp look out on Sturridge and be ready to intervene if he gets violent. Probably we are both exaggerating things a bit. (*Rising*) I must go and write some letters in the morning-room. Mind, keep an eye on the man. (*Exit door right centre.*)

Louis (*savagely*) : Quel type!

(*Enter Mrs. Beauwhistle: by French window right.*)

Mrs. Beauwhistle : Can't find my gardening gloves anywhere. I suppose they are where I left them; it's a way my things have. (*Rummages in drawer of table back centre.*) They are. (*Produces gloves from drawer.*) And how is your miracle doing, Louis?

Louis : Rotten! I've invented all sorts of excellent reasons for stimulating the migration instinct in that woman, but you might as well try to drive away an attack of indigestion by talking to it.

Mrs. Beauwhistle : Poor Louis! I'm afraid Jane's staying powers are superior to any amount of hustling that you can bring to bear. (*Enter Sturridge left; he begins clearing breakfast things.*) I could have told you from the first that you were engaged on a wild-goose-chase.

Louis : Chase! You can't chase a thing that refuses to budge. One of the first conditions of the chase is that the thing you are chasing should run away.

Mrs. Beauwhistle (*laughing*) : That's a condition that Jane will never fulfil. (*Exit through window right. Louis conti-*

nues cleaning golf club, then suddenly stops and looks reflectively at Sturridge, who is busy with the breakfast things.).

Louis : Where is Miss Martlet?

Sturridge : In the morning-room, I believe, Sir, writing letters.

Louis : You see that old basket-hilted sword on the wall?

Sturridge : Yes, sir. This big one? (*Points to sword.*)

Louis : Miss Martlet wants to copy the inscription on its blade. I wish you would take it to her; my hands are all over cil.

Sturridge : Yes, sir. (*Turns to wall where sword is hanging.*)

Louis : Take it without the sheath, it will be less trouble.

(*Sturridge draws the blade, which is broad and bright, and exit by door centre. Louis stands back under shadow of staircase. Enter Jane door right centre, at full run, screams: "Louis! Louis! Where are you?" and rushes up stairs at top speed. Enter Sturridge door right centre, sword in hand. Louis steps forward.*)

Sturridge : Miss Martlet slipped out of the room Sir, as I came in: I don't think she saw me coming. Seemed in a bit of a hurry.

Louis : Perhaps she has a train to catch. Never mind, your can put the sword back. I'll copy out the inscription for her myself later. (*Sturridge returns sword to its place. Louis continues cleaning putter. Sturridge carries breakfast tray out by left. Enter Page, running full speed downstairs.*)

Page : The time-table! Miss Martlet wants to look up a train. (*Louis dashes to drawer of small table centre; he and Page hunt through contents, throwing gloves, etc. on to floor.*)

Louis : Here it is. (*Page seizes book, starts to run upstairs, Louis grabs him by tip of jacket, pulls him back, opens book, searches frantically.*) Here you are. Leaves eleven fifty-five, arrives Charing Cross two twenty. (*Page dashes up-*

stairs with time-table. Louis flies to speaking tube in wall, left, whistles down it). Is that you, Tomkins? The car as quick as you can, to catch the eleven fifty-five. Never mind your livery, just as you are.

(Shuts off tube. Page dashes downstairs.)

Page : Miss Martlet's golf-clubs!

(Louis dashes for them in stand, and gives them to boy.)

Louis : Here, this Tam-'o-shanter is hers—and this motor veil. *(Gives them to boy.)*

Page : She said there was a novel of hers down here.

(Louis goes to writing table where there are six books on shelf and gives them all to Page.)

Louis : Here, take the lot. Fly! *(He pushes the Page vigorously up first steps of staircase. Exit Page. The sound of books dropping can be heard as he goes. Louis dashes round room to see if anything more belonging to Jane remains. Looks at his watch, compares it with small clock on writing table. Goes to speaking tube.)* Hullo, is Tomkins there? What? Oh, all right. *(Shuts off tube. Goes to table where coffee pot still remains and pours out a cup of coffee, drinks it. Looks again at watch.)*

Sturridge *(enters left)* : The car has come round, Sir.

Louis : Good, I'll go and tell Miss Martlet. Will you find my aunt, she's somewhere in the garden, and tell her that Miss Martlet had to leave in a hurry to catch the eleven fifty-five; called away urgently and couldn't stop to say good-bye. Matter of life and death.

Sturridge : Yes, Sir.

(Exit Sturridge door left. Louis exit up staircase. Enter Mrs. Beauwhistle by window right. She has a letter in her hand. She looks in at door right centre, returns and calls: "Louis-Louis!" Sound of a motor heard. Louis rushes in by door left.)

Louis *(excitedly)* : How much did you say you'd lend me if I got rid of Jane Martlet?

Mrs. Beauwhistle: We needn't get rid of her. Dora has just written to say she can't come this month.

(Louis collapses into chair.)

CURTAIN

NOTES

viper: a poisonous snake

exotic breed: a variety introduced from a foreign country

Wagner: Richard Wagner (1813-1883), German composer of operas

libellous remarks: statements injurious to the character and reputation of another

ordain: give orders

pantry: a room in a house where food is kept

cellar: an underground room used to store wine

impalpable: that which cannot be felt

omnipresent: present everywhere

infallible: always right

Elijah: Hebrew prophet who flourished about 875 B.C.

moulting: shedding or losing their feathers before a new growth

Queen Anne: (1665-1714) was queen of England from 1702 to 1714.

"Queen Anne is dead", and "As dead as Queen Anne" are common sayings in English to express the obvious.

Quel type: What a type! (French)

rummage: search thoroughly

hustling: pushing roughly

wild-goose-chase: a foolish and useless enterprise

inscription: writing or design

putter: golf club

Tam-o'-shanter: a round woollen cap

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19. NATURE'S FABULOUS FAN DANCER

JACK DENTON SCOTT

This extract is taken from "Marvels and Mysteries of Our Animal World." The author, Jack Denton Scott, gives a very interesting description of the fan dancer.

The tropical sun slashing through the dense jungle of central India turned the bird's breast into a shimmer of blue fire. It stood tall as an eagle in a clump of young bamboo 300 yards ahead. This was my first view in the wild of the world's most exotic bird, the peacock. I moved slowly forward to capture the sight on color film. As I got closer I could see that the bird was staring, hypnotized, at something before it—a leopard creeping through the grass. I lowered the camera and unslung my rifle. As I put the gun to my shoulder the leopard sprang to its feet, its hide fell off and an alarmed voice shouted in Hindi: "Don't fire." The bird fled, crouching, swift as a snake.

My 'Leopard' was a frightened Indian professional fowler who had draped himself in the cat's hide. Ordinarily clever and shy, the peacock is fascinated by the spotted cat and will often stand and stare at it until killed. Aware of this, hunters in some areas don leopard skins to get close enough to net the peacock alive for sale or spear it for supper.

The far East is native ground for two species of peacock, both related to the pheasant family—the blue breasted of India and Ceylon and the green of Java and Burma. The Indian bird, called the "Common" peacock, is the one known by us all. Domesticated in Judea during the time of Solomon and introduced into Greece by Alexander the Great, it gradually spread westward. In 1936, to the amazement of the scientific world, a third species, the Congo peacock, was discovered in Africa.

We call both the male and female birds peacocks, but only the male is the cock. The female is the peahen, and the true name of the birds of peafowls. Young male peacocks start their lives covered with drab brown down, but when they are only

a few hours out of the egg they raise their tiny tails in a strut. It takes two years for train plumage to develop, by then the train or 'nautch' projects beyond the tail from 40 to 54 inches, giving the peacock his magnificent tall train 55 to 72 inches long. Train feathers, which he carries during a possible 15 year life-span are shed in late summer and grow back by December. They are bronze green with a copper sheen near the tips of each feather having a distinct eye formed by a blue heart shaped spot ringed with blue green, golden bronze, gold and rich brown. Unfurled, this fantastic fan in its spectacular sunburst of color takes the shape of a shield from which a thousand eyes seem to peer.

I have heard peacock calling at intervals all night. One cry York's Bronx Zoo, where I went with a couple of school chums. Our bird opened his great train by shaking himself until it rose in a multicolored halo. Before we really had a chance to see it properly he swung around, presenting his backside—a stiff grayish brown tail and a puff of black feathers, giving the impression that he was wearing winter underwear. But finel-y he decided to let us see him. The great fan with its green, gold and bronze eyes rose and trembled shaking us up so that no one said a word for ten minutes—a rare thing for boys of our age.

I have heard peacock calling at intervals all night. One cry is exactly like a child's plea for "help". But the one most often heard resembles the cry of a tomcat on a backyard fence, a cross between a meow and the clear sound of a trumpet coming out a surprisingly loud phi-ao-phia-ao. They also utter a shrill ka-oan-ka-oan alarm call. Naturalists call them the most alert of jungle creatures. One, Stuart Baker, said that they are "as sinuous as a snake, as stealthy as a cat and as wary as an old bull bison in watching for foes."

In India I spent nearly two weeks in a camera 'hide' perfectly camouflaged, trying to film the impressive love dance that precedes mating. Moving a few yards every day, I managed to get within 200 yards of a peacock family. Then the suspicious guardian hens took off, rocketing like pheasants, rapidly over-

taken by their frightened lord, the train streaming like a tail of flame. I never got the picture.

But, while sitting a tree, waiting for a tiger, I did have a box seat at a show even more unusual than the mating dance. The tiger didn't come that day, but I never noticed. I sat enthralled with a dozen young peacocks performing under my tree. There wasn't a female in sight, thus exploding the theory that they strut only when hens are around. They were dancing with each other, strutting and bowing, paired off. First there was a forward dance, then an equally graceful backward movement, almost a rhumba,—the jewelled fans quivering, the sun striking fantastic lights, not a noise from them. Then, suddenly, as if by some agreed-upon silent signal, the stately dance stopped, the nautches were folded and the peacocks quietly disappeared from my view, making their way single file through the jungle.

Like the turkey, the peacock struts and quivers his fan before his harem of three to six hens. But the hens don't pay much attention. Of the 50 times I have seen wild peacocks displaying their glory before females, only twice did the hens stop pecking or lift heads to see their master burst his color.

Jungle legend has it that peacocks and snakes are mortal enemies. In the jungles of Ceylon, naturalist William Beebe got close enough to see a peacock playing with a deadly Russell's viper. The bird circled and pursued, keeping at a distance but tempting the viper to strike again and again. "The bird didn't attempt to kill the snake, just teased it," said Beebe. "Then tiring of the game, he ran down a slope and flew away in the full light, his train a wonderful colored tapestry."

Wild and shy as he is, the peacock takes captivity calmly, is found throughout the world on private estates and in zoos and aviaries. There is a community of contented peacocks in Arcadia, a heavily populated section of southern California. Brought there by Elias Baldwin in the 1870's three pairs became 2000. The great Baldwin estate was finally broken up, but the birds stayed. They spend their time on the residents' lawns and fences. Few people object to their presence. After all, how many of us can have peacocks in our gardens?

There are odd characters among domesticated peacocks. Lucifer, once the peacock pride of the Bronx Zoo, fell for a black turtle, Geraldine. Zoo keepers said that as soon as he saw the turtle he fanned his tail and walked out of the peacock section. For three years he lived with her in the turtle yard. He had to fight it out on several occasions with another peacock, Oswald, who came over to discover what he saw in Geraldine. Generally, though peacocks in captivity are more ornament than pet, keeping their distance and remaining tame so long as they are fed at regular times and not molested, people who keep peacocks claim that once you've owned them you are hooked forever. Their beauty and flaming color are such that you feel something vital has gone from your life if the rainbow isn't around.

NOTES

drab: dull muddy brown

plumage: bird's feathers

sinuous: full of curves and twists

bison: wild ox; American buffalo

aviary: place for keeping birds (e.g. in a zoo)

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20. A NEW HEART

JOHN PARRY

"A New Heart" is taken from "Outlook: Science at Work" the author of which is John Parry. He began to teach English as a foreign language in Singapore. After lecturing in English for two years in Nigeria he joined the B.B.C. where he worked as a producer for English by Radio and Television. He is now a freelance educational writer and producer.

On 2 December 1967, Louis Washkansky lay in his bed in Groote Schuur Hospital, Cape Town. ^{2. Mrs} He was a businessman, fifty-six years old, and dying. His heart was failing and his doctors knew that he could not live longer than a few weeks.

But on the afternoon of that day something happened which gave Louis Washkansky hope of living longer. There was a bad motor accident. (One of the victims, Miss Denise Ann Darvall, aged twenty-five, was still alive) when they took her into hospital. Her injuries were so bad that, when the doctors saw her, they knew she could not live long. A neuro-surgeon examined her, in the hope that he could do something for her, but he found her brain was too badly damaged. She could breathe only with the help of a mechanical ventilator. In spite of her terrible injuries, her heart was not damaged. Could the doctors at Groote Schuur Hospital give the dying girl's heart to the fifty-six-year-old man?

No one had ever before done this kind of operation on a human being. Doctors had succeeded in transplanting kidneys, but not hearts; although their experience with animals led them to think that a heart transplant operation would be successful. Under Professor Christian Barnard, the surgical team at this hospital had studied the problems for some time. They were read to try.

The first step was to ask for permission to transplant Miss Darvall's heart. Her father gave permission for the operation, and the preparations began.

The operation took place during the night. They gave Louis Washkansky the anaesthetic at 1.40 a.m. on 3 December, and made the incision.

In the meantime, Miss Darvall—the donor of the heart—was artificially kept alive by means of a mechanical ventilator. When the doctors were ready, they switched off the mechanical ventilator. Without its help, the donor's heart continued beating for another twelve minutes. When it had stopped, the doctors were sure she was dead, and they began the transplant.

It seemed that the operation was successful. Twenty-four hours later, Louis Washkansky's new heart was working normally. Soon he was able to sit up and eat. As news of the operation spread, praise for the work of the team led by Professor Barnard came from all over the world. But the world was also waiting for the answer to one very important question: Would the patient's body accept the new heart or reject it?

Louis Washkansky was a very sick man. Soon after the operation he developed pneumonia and, on 21 December, he died. (A post-mortem examination showed that death was caused by lung failure following the pneumonia. His new heart had worked normally)

Transplanting a heart calls for highly skilled surgery. Yet the surgery is not the most difficult problem. With every transplant, the most important question is: (Will the patient's body accept or reject the new organ?)

The natural instinct of the human body is to throw out all invaders. Viruses are frequent invaders. When a virus enters, the body immediately makes antibodies which combine with the virus and so neutralize it. This is our main way of fighting disease. (It is also the body's natural instinct when new organs are transplanted.) (The defence mechanism which can make us immune to certain diseases also makes us "immune" to other people's organs and tissues) The idea of transplantation is not new. Doctors tried it as early as the sixteenth century with noses and ears, but men have long dreamed of being able to replace damaged parts of the body. Until recently, all attempts failed because the body refused to accept the new tissues.

There is one exception to this rule. About forty years ago, two American doctors discovered that it was possible to transplant skin from one person to another, (if the two people were identical twins) In spite of this discovery, another twenty years passed before anyone tried to transplant an organ between identical twins. (In 1954 a young American, whose kidneys were both diseased, was given a healthy kidney taken from his identical twin brother. It was not the first operation of its kind, but earlier attempts in Britain, France and America had not been with identical twins. In all earlier cases, the body had rejected the kidneys and the patient had died. This time there was no "rejection crisis". The patient became completely well, left hospital, married, and began to lead an ordinary life.

But very few people have identical twins. Even those who have cannot always be helped. We each have two kid-

neys, but we could live with only one. It is therefore possible to take a kidney from a living donor. It is obviously impossible to ask your identical twin if he will be kind enough to give you his heart or his liver. The chances are very small indeed of your identical twin dying at just the time when you are in need of these organs.

[So far, there are two approaches to overcoming the problem of rejection by the recipient.] Firstly, the recipient and donor are tested to see if they are compatible. After the first heart transplant, Professor Barnard spoke about this compatibility test: "The blood of the injured girl, both the red cells and the white, was almost perfectly compatible with that of Mr. Washkansky." Tissues also are of different types, and there are new techniques for identifying the types and therefore judging compatibility.

Secondly, it is possible to suppress immune response by using X-rays or drugs, and this is done during the transplant operations. [This technique stops the body's defence system, so that it will accept not only the new organ but also any other invaders.] During this treatment, the patient is in great danger of invasion by viruses which his body might normally overcome. In the case of Louis Washkansky, suppression of immune response led to death.

Knowledge of how to deal with immune response is growing, and there have now been several successful kidney transplants not involving identical twins. Transplantation of the heart and other organs also depends on the growing understanding of this problem.

The famous English diarist, Samuel Pepys, wrote in his diary almost three hundred years ago that sheep's blood had been transfused to a man called Arthur Coga and that the patient "finds himself much better since, and is a new man, but he is cracked a little in the head." Since that time, blood transfusion has become a standard technique. Blood is now taken from donors at a time convenient to them and is stored in blood banks, ready for use when needed.

It is also possible to store the cornea of a human eye. The cornea can be taken from a dead person—the cornea tissue

remains alive for some time when it is needed for transplantation. (Human arteries) can also be transplanted, although artificial materials, such as terylene, are now available and are just as effective as parts of an artery taken from a dead donor. (Human skin) can also be stored at low temperature for future use. In 1961, after a large number of people had been injured in a big fire in Brazil, the U.S. Navy supplied 19,000 square centimetres of skin to Brazilian hospitals.

There have been very many other heart transplants since the first operation in South Africa, although in most cases the patient died soon afterwards. The second recipient of a heart in South Africa, Dr. Philip Blaiberg, a dentist by profession, was also the first man to leave hospital with a new heart and he led a fairly normal life until he died, over nineteen months later. Other heart transplants have taken place in the United States, France, Britain and other countries.

The surgery involved in transplanting a liver is much more difficult than in the case of a heart. In May 1968, in the same week as the first heart transplant in Britain, doctors at Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge, succeeded in transplanting a liver in a woman patient. In the same month in Scotland, a boy was given a new lung. In comparison with these very experimental operations, the transplantation of kidneys now seems almost commonplace, although there is still much to be learnt in this field and the dangers of rejection crises are still great. But will the transplantation of such organs ever become as common as blood transfusion is today? Even when the problems of immune response have been mastered, there remains the big question of who the donors will be.

We can only ask someone to donate one of his organs if his own health will not suffer by the loss. (The problems of finding donors would have been easier in earlier times when slavery and human sacrifice were common; our moral attitude on this question is as modern as the surgery itself.) We can only take organs which are essential to life—such as the heart, the liver or the lungs—from recently dead donors, because once the blood circulation stops, the organs became damaged. Usually this means taking organs from healthy, young donors who have died

in accidents, or from causes which have not affected the organs in question.

[One unpleasant part of this problem is the question of permission.] If someone is killed in an accident, the nearest relative is usually very upset. Is it right for doctors to approach the relative at this difficult time to ask for permission to use the dead person's organs in transplant operations? In the case of the transplant in Dr. Blaiberg, the wife of the dead man was so upset by the unexpected death of her husband that doctors could not approach her. Instead, they asked the dead man's mother for the necessary permission.

And what is death? Traditionally we have decided that a person is dead when he has stopped breathing and his heart is no longer beating. Today, it is possible to keep a person alive (by these criteria) by means of a mechanical ventilator, and a prospective donor must be kept "alive" by these artificial means until almost the time of the operation to prevent damage to the organs. As a rough rule, a person is now assumed to be dead when his brain is no longer working. But at least in Britain, there is in fact no legal definition of death.

We can already store blood for use in transfusions, skin and corneas. Well the day may come when we can store hearts, livers and kidneys? This seems a likely development, but work is also in progress on an alternative—growing organs in the laboratory. There has already been some progress in growing embryonic tissue in a laboratory, and in the distant future this may possibly be one source of transplant organs.

NOTES

incision: cutting (into something)

compatible: able to exist together with

cornea: tough transparent outer membrane protecting the eyeball

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21. THE WORSHIP OF THE WEALTHY

G. K. CHESTERTON

Gilbert Keith Chesterton (1874-1936) was educated at St. Paul's School. He was essayist, critic, novelist and poet. He wrote short stories also.

There has crept, I notice, into our literature and journalism a new way of flattering the wealthy and the great. In more straightforward time flattery itself was more straightforward; falsehood itself was more true. A poor man wishing to please a rich man simply said that he was the wisest, bravest, tallest, strongest, most benevolent and most beautiful of mankind; and as even the rich man probably knew that he wasn't that, the thing did the less harm. When courtiers sang the praises of a king they attributed to him things that were entirely improbable as that he resembled the sun at noonday, that they had to shade their eyes when he entered the room, that his people could not breathe without him, or that he had with his single sword conquered Europe, Asia, Africa and America. The safety of this method was its artificiality! Between the king and his public image there was really no relation. But the moderns have invented a much subtler and more poisonous kind of eulogy. The modern method is to take the prince or rich man, to give a credible picture of his type of personality, as that he is business-like, or a sportsman, or fond of art, or convivial, or reserved; and then enormously exaggerate the value and importance of these natural qualities. Those who praise Mr. Carnegie do not say that he is as wise as Solomon and as brave as Mars; I wish they did. It would be the next most honest thing to giving their real reason for praising him, which is simply that he has money. The journalists who write about Mr. Perpont Morgan do not say that he is as beautiful as Apollo; I wish they did. What they do is to take the rich man's superficial life and manner, clothes, hobbies, love of cats, dislike of doctors, or what not; and then with the assistance of this realism make the man out to be a prophet and a saviour of his kind, whereas he is merely a private and stupid man

who happens to like cats or to dislike doctors. [The old flatterer took for granted that the king was an ordinary man, and set to work to make him out extraordinary.] The newer and cleverer flatterer takes for granted that he is extraordinary, and that therefore even ordinary things about him will be of interest.

I have noticed one very amusing way in which this is done. I notice the method applied to about six of the wealthiest men in England in a book of interviews published by an able and well-known journalist. The flatterer contrives to combine strict truth of fact with a vast atmosphere of awe and mystery by the simple operation of dealing almost entirely in negatives. Suppose you are writing a sympathetic study of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. Perhaps there is not much to say about what he does, think, or like, or admire; but you can suggest whole vistas of his taste and philosophy by talking a great deal about what he does not think, or like, or admire. You say of him—"But little attracted to the most recent schools of German philosophy, he stands almost as ~~absolutely~~ aloof from the tendencies of transcendental pantheism as from the narrower ecstasies of Neo-Catholicism." Or suppose I am called upon to praise the charwoman who has just come into my house, and who certainly deserves it much more. I say:—"It would be a mistake to class Mrs. Higgs among the followers of Loisy; her position is in many ways different; nor is she wholly to be identified with the concrete Hebraism of Harnack." It is a splendid method as it gives the flatterer an opportunity of talking about something else besides the subject of the flattery, and it gives the subject of the flattery a rich, if somewhat bewildered, mental glow, as of one who has somehow gone through agonies of philosophical choice of which he was previously unaware. It is a splendid method; but I wish it were applied sometimes to charwomen rather than only to millionaires.

There is another way of flattering important people which has become very common, I notice, among writers in the newspapers and elsewhere. It consists in applying to them the phrases "simple," or "quite," or "modest," without any sort of meaning or relation to the person to whom they are applied. To be simple is the best thing in the world; to be modest is the

next best thing. I am not so sure about being quiet. I am rather inclined to think that really modest people make a great deal of noise. It is quite self-evident that really simple people make a great deal of noise. But simplicity and modesty, at least, are very rare and royal human virtues, not to be lightly talked about. Few human beings, and at rare intervals, have really risen into being modest; not one man in ten or in twenty has by long wars become simple, as an actual old soldier does by long wars become simple. These virtues are not things to fling about as mere flattery; many prophets and righteous men have desired to see these things and have not seen them. But in the description of the births, lives, and death of very luxurious men they are used incessantly and quite without thought. If a journalist has to describe a great politician or financier (the things are substantially the same) entering a room or walking down a thoroughfare, he always says, "Mr. Midas was quietly dressed in black frock coat, a white waistcoat, and light grey trousers, with a plain green tie and simple flower in his button-hole." As if any one would expect him to have a crimson frock coat or spangled trousers. As if any one would expect him to have a burning Catherine wheel in his button-hole.

But this process, which is absurd enough when applied to the ordinary and external lives of worldly people, becomes perfectly intolerable when it is applied, as it always is applied, to the episode which is serious even in the lives of politicians. I mean their death. When we have been sufficiently bored with the account of the simple costume of the millionaire, which is generally about as complicated as any that he could assume without being simply thought mad; when we have been told about the modest home of the millionaire, a home which is generally much too immodest to be called a home at all; when we have followed him through all these unmeaning eulogies, we are always asked last of all to admire his quiet funeral. I do not know what else people think a funeral should be except quiet. Yet again and again, over the grave of every one of these said rich men, for whom one should surely feel, first and last, a speechless pity—over the grave of Beit, over the grave of Whitely—this sickening nonsense about modesty and simplicity has been poured out. I well remember that when Beit was

buried, the papers said that the mourning-coaches contained everybody, of importance, that the floral tributes were sumptuous, splendid, intoxicating; but, for all that, it was a simple and quiet funeral. What in the name of Acheron, did they expect it to be? Did they think there would be human sacrifice—the immolation of Oriental slaves upon the tomb? Did they think that long rows of Oriental dancing-girls would sway hither and thither in an ecstasy of lament: Did they look for the funeral games of Patroclus? I fear they had no such splendid and pagan meaning. I fear they were only using the words “quiet” and “modest” as words to fill up a page—a mere piece of the automatic hypocrisy which does become too common among those who have to write rapidly and often. The word “modest” will soon become like the word “honourable,” which is said to be employed by the Japanese before any word that occurs in a polite sentence, as “put honourable umbrella in honourable umbrella-stand”; or “condescend to clean honourable boots.” We shall read in the future, that the modest king went out in his modest crown, clad from head to foot in modest gold and attended with his ten thousand modest earls, their swords modestly drawn. No! if we have to pay for splendour let us praise it as splendour, not as simplicity. When next I meet a rich man I intend to walk up to him in the street and address him with Oriental hyperbole. He will probably run away.

NOTES

Mr. Carnegie: the Scottish-American millionaire and philanthropist
Mars: the Roman god of war

Pierpont Morgan: a well-known American banker and millionaire

Apollo: the Greek god of music and poetry, and the type of manly youth and beauty

transcendental: concerned with what is independent of experience in human knowledge

Loisy: a French theologian

Harnack: a great German theologian who laid great stress on practical Christianity

Midas: the Phrygian king with the golden touch

Catherine wheel: a circular firework rotating on a pin to make a wheel of flame

Acheron: a river of Hades or the lower world of the Greeks

Patroclus: the friend of Achilles in Homer's "Iliad"

□ □ □

22. I HAVE A DREAM

MARTIN LUTHER KING, JUNIOR

The author Martin Luther King, Junior (1929-1968) was a U. S. clergyman and leader in the Negro civil rights movement. The present piece is a speech delivered by him at the Lincoln Memorial on August 28, 1963, in the March on Washington D. C. for Civil Rights.

*Five score years ago, a great American in whose symbolic shadow we stand today, signed the Emancipation Proclamation. This momentous decree came as a great beacon of light of hope to millions of Negro slaves who had been seared in the flames of withering injustice. It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of their captivity.

But one hundred years later, the Negro still is not free. One hundred years later, the life of the Negro is still sadly crippled by the manacles of segregation and the chains of discrimination.

One hundred years later, the Negro lives on a lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of material prosperity. One hundred years later, the Negro is still languished in the corners of American society and finds himself an exile in his own land. So we have come here today to dramatise a shameful condition.

In a sense we have come to our nation's capital to cash a check. When the architects of our republic wrote the magnificent words of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, they were signing a promissory note to which every American was to fall heir. This note was a promise that all men, yes, black men as well as white men, would be granted the unalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

It is obvious today that America has defaulted on this promissory note in so far as her citizens of colour are concerned. Instead of honouring this sacred obligation, America has given the Negro people a bad check which has come back marked "insufficient funds."

But we refuse to believe that the bank of justice is bankrupt. We refuse to believe that there are insufficient funds in the great vaults of opportunity of this nation. So we have come to cash this check—a check that will give us upon demand the riches of freedom and the security of justice.

We have also come to this hallowed spot to remind America of the fierce urgency of now. This is no time to engage in the luxury of cooling off or to take the tranquillising drug of gradualism. Now is the time to make real promises of democracy. Now is the time to rise from the dark and desolate valley of segregation to the sunlit path of racial justice.

Now is the time to lift our nation from the quicksands of racial injustice to the solid rock of brotherhood. Now is the time to make justice a reality for all of God's children.

It would be fatal for the nation to overlook the urgency of the movement and to underestimate the determination of the Negro. This sweltering summer of the Negro's legitimate discontent will not pass until there is an invigorating autumn of freedom and equality. 1963 is not an end but a beginning. Those who hope that the Negro needed to blow off steam and will now be content will have a rude awakening if the nation returns to business as usual.

There will be neither rest nor tranquillity in America until the Negro is granted his citizenship rights. The whirlwinds of revolt will continue to shake the foundations of our nation until the bright day of justice emerges.

But there is something that I must say to my people who stand on the warm threshold which leads into the palace of justice. In the process of gaining our rightful place we must not be guilty of wrongful deeds.

Let us not seek to satisfy our thirst for freedom by drinking from the cup of bitterness and hatred. We must forever conduct our struggle on the high plane of dignity and discipline. We must not allow our creative protest to degenerate into physical violence. Again and again we must rise to the majestic heights of meeting physical force with soul force.

The marvellous new militancy which has engulfed the Negro community must not lead us to distrust of all white people, for many of our white brothers, as evidenced by their presence here today, have come to realise that their destiny is tied up with our destiny and they have come to realise their freedom is inextricably bound to our freedom. This offense we share mounted to storm the battlements of injustice must be carried forth by a bi-racial army. We cannot walk alone.

And as we walk, we must make the pledge that we shall always march ahead. We cannot turn back. There are those who are asking the devotees of civil rights, "When will you be satisfied?" We can never be satisfied as long as the Negro is the victim of the unspeakable horrors of police brutality.

We can never be satisfied as long as our bodies, heavy with fatigue of travel, cannot gain lodging in the motels of the highways and the hotels of the cities. We cannot be satisfied as long as the Negro's basic mobility is from a smaller ghetto to a larger one.

We can never be satisfied as long as our children are stripped of their selfhood and robbed of their dignity by signs stating "for whites only". We cannot be satisfied as long as a Negro in Mississippi cannot vote and a Negro in New York believes he has nothing for which to vote. No, we are not satisfied, and we will not be satisfied until justice rolls down like waters and righteousness like a mighty stream.

I am not unmindful that some of you have come here out of excessive trials and tribulation. Some of you have come fresh from narrow jail cells. Some of you have come from areas where your quest for freedom left you battered by the storms of persecution and staggered by the winds of police brutality. You have been veterans of creative suffering. Continue to work with the faith that unearned suffering is redemptive.

Go back to Mississippi; go back to Alabama; go back to South Carolina; go back to Georgia; go back to Louisiana; go back to the slums and ghettos of the Northern cities, knowing that somehow this situation can, and will be changed. Let us not wallow in the valley of despair.

So I say to you, my friends, that even though we must face the difficulties of today and tomorrow, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed—we hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal.

I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia, sons of former slave-owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

I have a dream that one day, even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of injustice, sweltering with the heat of oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice.

I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the colour of their skin but by the content of their characters. I have a dream today!

I have a dream that one day, down in Alabama, with its vicious racists, with its governor having his lips dripping with the words of interposition and nullification, that one day, right there in Alabama, little black boys and black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls as sisters and brothers. I have a dream today!

I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places shall be made plain, and the crooked places shall be made straight and the glory of the Lord will be revealed and all flesh shall see it together.

This is our hope. This is the faith that I go back to the South with.

With this faith we will be able to hear out of the mountain of despair a tone of hope. With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood.

With this faith we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day.

This will be the day when all of God's children will be able to sing with new meaning—"my country 'tis of thee; sweet land of liberty; of thee I sing; land where my fathers died, land of the pilgrim's pride; from every mountain side let freedom ring"—and if America is to be a great nation, this must come true.

So let freedom ring from the prodigious hilltops of New Hampshire.

Let freedom ring from the mighty mountains of New York.

Let freedom ring from the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania.

Let freedom ring from the snow-capped Rockies of Colorado.

Let freedom ring from the curvaceous slopes of California.

But not only that.

Let freedom ring from Stone Mountain of Georgia.

Let freedom ring from Lookout Mountain of Tennessee.

Let freedom ring from every hill and molehill of Mississippi; from every mountainside, let freedom ring.

And when we allow freedom to ring, when we let it ring from every village and hamlet, from every state and city, we will be able to speed up that day when all of God's children—black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants—will be able to join hands and to sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual. "Free at last, free at last; thank God Almighty, we are free at last!"

NOTES

sear: burn the surface of, especially with a heated iron

manacles: fetter or chain for the hands or feet

swelter: be uncomfortably warm

motel: motorists' hotel

wallow: roll about (in mud, dirty water etc.)

POETRY

1. PROSPICE

ROBERT BROWNING

Robert Browning (1812-89) was the son of a clerk in the Bank of England. He had little formal education, apart from a year studying Greek at University College, London. He was a major Victorian poet. He was an optimist and had a tremendous zest for life. He says in this poem, "I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more, the best and the last!"

He doesn't fear death.

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place;
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go;
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.

For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest!

NOTES

blast: strong, sudden rush of wind

arch fear: chief fear—death

guerdon: poetical for reward

fiend: savage and cruel, devilish

rave: roar

□ □ □

2. KING RICHARD - III

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

William Shakespeare (1564-1616) is regarded as the world's greatest dramatist and poet. He was the son of a country trader living in Stratford-on-Avon. After attending the local grammar school, he proceeded to London to seek his fortune. After having tried various occupations, he joined a theatrical company. He soon began to write plays, sometimes alone, sometimes in collaboration with other dramatists. He rapidly rose to eminence as a playwright. His plays and poems brought him great fame and prosperity. .X.

The present extract is taken from his play "King Richard-III."

Lords :—Upon the stroke of four.

Rich :—Why, then, 'tis time to arm and give direction.

(He advances to the Troops.)

More than I have said, loving countrymen,

The leisure and enforcement of the time

Forbids to dwell on: yet remember this,

God and our good cause fight upon our side;

The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
 Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;
 Richard except, those whom we fight against
 Had rather have us win than him they follow:
 For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
 A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
 One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
 One that made means to come by what he hath,
 And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
 A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
 Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
 One that hath ever been God's enemy:
 Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
 God will, in iustice, ward you as his soldiers;
 If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
 You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
 If you do fight against your country's foes,
 Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
 If you do fight in safeguard of your wives
 Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
 If you do free your children from the sword,
 Your children's children quit it in your age.
 Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords,
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
 Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.
 Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully,
 God and Saint George—! Richmond and victory!
 (Exeunt).

NOTES

- bulwark:** wall, esp. one built of earth, against attack; something that defends or protects
homicide: person who kills a human being
standard: distinctive flag, esp. one to which loyalty is given or asked

■ ■ ■

3. OUT, OUT BRIEF CANDLE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

(For introduction to the poet, see the last extract.)

The present extract is taken from Act 5, Scene 5 of Shakespeare's famous tragedy Macbeth. The images crowd to the mind of the mad-man, each image saying that life has no significance. All our yesterday days were days on which fools died. Life is only a shadow.

Macbeth: Wherefore was that cry?

Seyton: The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macbeth: She should have died hereafter;

There would have been a time for such a word. *moment*

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,

Creeps in this petty *slow* pace from day to day

To the last syllable *moment* of recorded time, *then*

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death. Out out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, *empty* a poor player

That struts and frets his hour *his life* upon the stage

And then is heard no more; it is a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

Signifying nothing.

NOTES

out, out, brief candle: let the brief candle of life be put out

strut: Walk in a stiff, self-satisfied way

fret: be discontented or bad-tempered

□ □ □

4. THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

ROBERT FROST

Robert Frost (1875-1963), an American poet, born in San Francisco, went at the age of ten to live in New England, the area which inspired his poetry. He was educated at Dartmouth College, New England, and Harvard University. He became a school-master for a short time, and then a farm labourer. He is regarded as the national poet of America. He was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for poetry four times.

The present poem tells us that the poet took the road less used and that has made all the difference.

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveller, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;
Then took the other, as just as far,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,
And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
doubted if I should ever come back.
I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence;
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less travelled by,
And that has made all the difference.]

NOTES

undergrowth: shrubs or small trees growing under large ones
in leaves no step had trodden black: neither way had been used at all that morning
ages and ages: a very long time

□ □ □

5. MUSIC, WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE

P. B. SHELLEY

P. B. Shelley (1792-1822) is the most passionately idealist poet in the whole of English literature. He hated the imperfections of nature as much as the weaknesses of mankind. (He strove for an inner perfection with a desperate and unfaltering intensity.)

The present poem is a lyric which does not surprise with its intensity but with its grace. Three images of lovely things gone by, of music, of the smell of flowers, of dying rose petals, lead to the exquisite compliment, that "when you have gone, love will slumber on thoughts of you."

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

[Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed,
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.]

NOTES

vibrate: throb

quicken: make more lively, vigorous, or active

slumber: sleep peacefully or comfortably

□ □ □

6. O HOW COMELY IT IS

JOHN MILTON

John Milton (1608-1674) consciously dedicated his life to writing poetry. He was a great English poet. He is known for his grand style. This extract is taken from his *Samson Agonistes* "Samson the Athlete." These lines are a part of the chorus which comments on Samson's words just when it is clear that his spirit is recovering from his sufferings and his imprisonment and he may become the instrument of God against his enemies again.

O how comely it is and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppressed.
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor
The brute and boist'rous force of violent men
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
The righteous and all such as honour truth.
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats
With plain heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial vigour arm'd,
Their heavenly armories and magazines contemns,
Renders them useless, while
With winged expedition
Swift as the lightning glance he executes
His errand on the wicked, who surpris'd
Lose their defence, distracted and amaz'd.

NOTES

deliverer: one who sets free or rescues

invincible: too strong to be overcome or defeated

quell: subdue

expedition: promptness, speed

□ □ □

7. TO AUTUMN

JOHN KEATS

John Keats (1795-1821) was the son of a livery-stable keeper in Moorfields, London. He was to take up the medical profession. He abandoned surgery owing to his passion for literature. He was seriously ill with consumption and died young. His odes are very famous.

The present ode is perfect in workmanship. In the first stanza, the poet gives a wonderfully physical sense of the season. In the second, the season is personified; and in the third, the season is celebrated in sound by its music, and the cries of insects and of birds. It is a perfect progression of poetical interpretation of a subject.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
^{conspiring with the sun}
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run,
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set building more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees.
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'er brimm'd their clammy cells,
Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind,
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours!

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?

Think not of them, thou hast thy music too.

While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day.

And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;

Then a wailful choir the small gnats mourn

Among the river-sallows, borne aloft

Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;

And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn,

Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft,

The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft;

And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

NOTES

mellow: soft, pure and rich

kernel: soft inner part of a nut or fruit-stone

clammy: damp

swath: space left clear after one passage of a mower

□ □ □

8. POEMS

D. H. LAWRENCE

D. H. Lawrence (1885-1930), novelist, poet and critic, was born in Eastwood, Nottinghamshire. He was the son of a coal-miner. His nomadic life took him to Italy, Australia, the United States and Mexico. In his short life Lawrence not only lived intensely, but wrote, in prose and verse, with a passion and intensity which have earned for him a special place in English literature.

Good Husbands Make Unhappy Wives

Good husbands make unhappy wives

so do bad husbands, just as often;

but the unhappiness of a wife with a good husband

is much more devastating
than the unhappiness of a wife with a bad husband.

□ □ □

The Mosquito Knows

The mosquito knows full well, small as he is
he's a beast of prey.

But after all

he only takes his bellyful,

he doesn't put my blood in the b:

Many Mansions

When a bird flips his tail in getting his balance on a tree
he feels much gayer than if somebody had left him a fortune
or than if he'd just built himself a nest with a bathroom—
Why can't people be gay like that?

□ □ □

Riches

When I wish I was rich, then I know I am ill.

Because, to tell the truth, I have enough as I am,

So when I catch myself thinking: Ah, if I was rich

I say to myself: Hello I'm not well. My vitality is low

NOTES

devastating: ruinous

flip: move with a jerk

□ □ □

9. CHARITY

ALEXANDER POPE

Alexander Pope (1688-1744) felt that by his time everything had been said and all that a poet could do was to give finer expression to ideas. His power of saying something in a few words that are clear and sound well is unsurpassed. The present poem brings it out very well.

For forms of government let fools contest
Whate'er is best administered, is best:
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right:
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity:
All must be false that thwart this one great end;
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend.

NOTES

forms of government: this compliment to administration is suitable when we feel that we are over-administered
modes of faith: the century of religious wars had passed and Pope lived in the age of reason and scepticism
charity: here it implies activity of loving kindness

□ □ □

10. THE LADY OF SHALOTT

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892) learned his craft from the Romantic poets just before him. He was extremely proficient in the management of verse. It has a musical quality and unusual sweetness.

The Lady of Shalott lives in her tower with a curse upon her if she dares to look out on the world. So she looks at the passing world through a mirror. Then one day Sir Lancelot passes by; she falls in love with him on sight and the curse is on her as she runs to the window to look at him.

PART—I

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by

To many-tower'd Camelot;

And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river

Flowing down to Camelot.

Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
Skimming down to Camelot:

But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

PART—II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls, to the
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,

Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.
But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot;
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART—III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barely-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field
Beside remote Shalott.
The gemmy ^{re-}bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.

As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.

From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
'Tirra Lirra,' by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.]

[Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott. -

PART—IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;

Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
 The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance
With a glassy countenance
 Did she look to Camelot.

And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
 She floated down to Camelot:

And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
 Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.

For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
 Silent into Camelot.

Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot!

But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in His mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott."

NOTES

willows whiten: the willow flourishes on the banks of streams and looks white when the wind blows it

shallop: a light boat

"I am half-sick": here comes the moment of change

gemmy (bridle): covered with gems

yellow woods: the sign of autumn, when the woods 'wane', that is, the trees lose their leaves

□ □ □

11. A RUNNABLE STAG

JOHN DAVIDSON

John Davidson (1857-1909) was a schoolmaster in Scotland from 1872 to 1889. He settled in London in 1889. His eclogues proved his genuine poetic gift. He committed suicide in 1909, leaving an unfinished poem "God and Mammon".

When the pods went pop on the broom, green broom.

And apples began to be golden-skin'n'd,

We harbour'd a stag in the Priory coomb,

And we feather'd his trail up-wind, up-wind
We feather'd his trail up-wind
A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag
A runnable stag, a kingly crop,
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,
A stag, a runnable stag

Then the huntsman's horn rang yap, yap, yap,
And "Forwards" we heard the harbourer shout:

But 'twas only a bracket that broke a gap
In the beechen underwood, driven out.
From the underwood antler'd out
By warrant and might of the stag, the stag,
The runnable stag, whose lordly mind
Was bent on sleep, though beam'd and tined
He stood, a runnable stag.

So we tufted the covert till afternoon
With Tinkerman's Pup and Bell-of-the-North

And hunters were sulky and hounds out of tune
Before we tufted the right stag forth,
Before we tufted him forth,
The stag of warrant, the wily stag,
The runnable stag with his kingly crop,
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,
The royal and runnable stag.

It was Bell-of-the-North and Tinkerman's Pup
That stuck to the scent till the copse was drawn.

"Tally ho! tally ho!" and the hunt was up.

The tufters whipp'd and the pack laid on,
The resolute pack laid on,
And the stag of warrant away at last,
The runnable stag, the same, the same,
His hoofs on fire, his horns like flame,
A stag, a runnable stag.

"Let your gelding be: if you check or chide
He stumbles at once and you're out of the hunt:

For three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,
On hunters accustom'd to bear the brunt,
Accustom'd to bear the brunt,
Are after the runnable stag, the stag,
The runnable stag with his kingly crop.
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,
The right, the runnable stag."

By perilous paths in coomb and dell,
The heather, the rocks, and the river-bed,

The pace grew hot, for the scent lay well,
And a runnable stag goes right ahead,

The quarry went right ahead,
Ahead, ahead, and fast and far;
His antler'd crest, his cloven hoof,
Brow, bay and tray and three aloof,
The stag, the runnable stag.

For a matter of twenty miles and more,
By the densest hedge and the highest wall

Through herds of bullocks he banned the lore
Of harbourer, huntsman, hounds and all,
On harbourer, hounds and all.

The stag of warrant, the wily stag,
For twenty miles, and five and five,
He ran, and he never was caught alive,
This stag, this runnable stag.

When he turn'd at bay in the leafy gloom,
In the emerald gloom where the brook ran deep

He heard in the distance the rollers boom,
And he saw in a vision of peaceful sleep
In a wonderful vision of sleep,
A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,
A runnable stag in a jewell'd bed,
Under the sheltering ocean dead,
A stag, a runnable stag.

So a fateful hope lit up his eye,
And he open'd his nostrils wide again,
And he toss'd his branching antlers high
As he headed the hunt down the Charlock glen
As he raced down the echoing glen—
For five miles more, the stag, the stag,
For twenty miles, and five and five,
Not to be caught now, dead or alive,
The stag, the runnable stag.

Three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,
Three hundred horses as gallant and free,

Beheld him escape on the evening tide,
Far out till he sank in the Seven Sea,

Till he sank in the depths of the sea
The stag, the buoyant stag, the stag
That slept at last in a jewell'd bed
Under the sheltering ocean spread,
The stag, the runnable stag.

NOTES

covert: area of thick undergrowth in which animals hide

copse: coppice, small area of underwood and small trees

gelding: castrated animal, especially a horse

quarry: anything eagerly pursued

wily: cunning

glen: narrow valley

□ □ □

12. CYRANO DE BERGERAC

EDMOND ROSTAND

Edmond Rostand (1868-1918) was a French dramatist whose best known works are "Cyrano de Bergerac," "L' Aiglon" and "Chantecler."

Cyrano de Bergerac (1619-1655) was a French soldier and duellist, whom a wound in the Spanish War turned into a dramatist and novelist. He is the subject of a highly successful play by the French dramatist, Edmond Rostand (1898).

Let Bret:

Stop trying to be Three Musketeers in one!
Fortune and glory—

Cyrano:

What would you have me do?

Seek for the patronage of some great man,
And like a creeping vine on a tall tree
Crawl upward, where I cannot stand alone?
No thank you! Dedicate, as others do,
Poems to pawnbrokers? Be a buffoon
In the vile hope of teasing out a smile
On some cold face? No thank you! Eat a toad
For breakfast every morning? Make my knees
Callous, and cultivate a supple spine,—
Wear out my belly grovelling in the dust?
No thank you! Scratch the back of any swine
That roots up gold for me? Tickle the horns
Of Mammon with my left hand, while my right
Too proud to know his partner's business,
Takes in the fee? No thank you! Use the fire
God gave me to burn incense all day long
Under the nose of wood and stone? No thank you!
Shall I go leaping into ladies' laps
And licking fingers?—or—to change the form—
Navigating with madrigals for oars,

My sails full of the sighs of dowagers?
 No thank you! Publish verses at my own
 Expense? No thank you! Be the patron saint
 Of a small group of literary souls
 Who dine together every Tuesday? No,
 I thank you! Shall I labour night and day
 To build a reputation on one song,
 And never write another? Shall I find
 True genius only among Geniuses,
 Palpitate over little paragraphs,
 And struggle to insinuate my name
 Into the columns of the Mercury?
 No thank you! Calculate, scheme, be afraid,
 Love more to make a visit than a poem,
 Seek introductions, favours, influences?—
 No thank you! No, I thank you! And again
 I thank you!—But ...

To sing, to laugh, to dream

To walk in my own way and be alone,
 Free, with an eye to see things as they are,
 A voice that means manhood—to cock my hat
 Where I choose—At a word, a Yes, a No,
 To fight—or write. To travel any road
 Under the sun, under the stars, nor doubt
 If fame or fortune lie beyond the bourne—
 Never to make a line I have not heard
 In my own heart; yet with all modesty
 To say: "My soul be satisfied with flowers,
 With fruit, with weeds even; but gather them
 In the one garden you may call your own."
 So, when I win some triumph, by some chance,
 Render no share to Caesar—in a word
 I am too proud to be a parasite,
 And if my nature wants the germ that grows
 Towering to heaven like the mountain pine,

Or like the oak, sheltering multitudes—
I stand, not high it may be—but alone!

NOTES

pawnbroker: person licensed to lend money at interest on the security of goods left with him

grovel: crawl

Mammon: the god of greed

madrigal: short love poem

□ □ □

13. I'LL TELL YOU HOW THE SUN ROSE

EMILY DICKINSON

Emily Dickinson (1830-1886) American poet, was born at Amherst, Massachusetts, and passed her life there in seclusion. Only two of her poems were published—without her consent—during her life, but she left over a thousand in manuscript. Her lyrical, paradoxical verse, treating of love and death, is marked as much by wit and a keen sense of domestic realities as by mysticism. Her letters are the best commentary on her life and work and were edited by Thomas H. Johnson in 1958.

I'll tell you how the sun rose,
A ribbon at a time.
The steeples swam in amethyst,
The news ~~the~~ squirrels ran.
The hills' untied their bonnets,
The bobolinks begun.
Then I said softly to myself,
"That must have been the sun!"

□ □ □

But how he set, I know not.
There seemed a purple stile
Which little yellow boys and girls
Were climbing all the while.

Till when they reached the other side,
A dominic in gray
Put gently up the evening bars,
And led the flock away.

NOTES

amethyst: precious stone, purple or violet

bobolink: American songbird

stile: means, not a gate, to enable persons on foot to get over or through a fence, hedge etc.

□ □ □

14. THE ISLES OF GREECE

LORD BYRON

George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788-1824) succeeded Scott in popularity as a writer of verse stories. He is chiefly remembered nowadays for some of his intensely moving lyrics, and his many satires. His poetry is remarkable for its vigour and passionate appeal and the charm of his rhetorical style.

"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece"
Where burning Sappho loved and sung.

Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phoebus sprung!

Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except, their sun, is set.

The Scian and Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,

Have found the fame your shores refuse:
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."
 The mountains look on Marathon—
 And Marathon looks on the sea;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
 For standing on the Persians' grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.
 A king sat on the rock brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations;—all were his!
 He counted them at break of day—
 And when the sun set where were they?
 And where are they? And where art thou?
 My country? On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—
 The heroic bosom beats no more!
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine?
 'Tis something in the dearth of fame,
 Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
 For what is left the poet here?
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.
 Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
 Must we but blush?—Our fathers bled.
 Earth! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead!
 Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylae!

What, silent still? and silent all?
 Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer. Let one living head
 But one arise,—“we come, we come!”
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.
 In vain—in vain! strike other chords;
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Socio's vine!
 Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
 How answers each bold Bacchanal!
 You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
 Of two such lessons, why ~~forget~~
 The nobler and the manlier one?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—
 Think ye he meant them for a slave?
 Fill high the bowl with Samian wine
 We will not think of themes like these'.
 It made Anacreon's song divine:
 He served—but served Polycrates—
 A tyrant; but our masters then
 Were still, at least, our countrymen,
 The tyrant of the Chersonese.
 Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
 That tyrant was Miltiades!
 Oh! that the present hour would lend
 Another despot of the kind!
 Such chains as his were sure to bind.
 Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
 Exists the remnant of a line
 Such as the Doric mothers bore;

And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
 The Heracleidan blood might own.
 Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
 They have a king who buys and sells;
 In native swords, and native ranks,
 The only hope of courage dwells;
 But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
 Would break you shield, however broad.
 Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
 I see their glorious black eyes shine:
 But gazing on each glowing maid,
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.
 Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
 Dash down you cup of Samian wine!

NOTES

deem: consider

suffuse: spread slowly over the surface of

phalanx: body of soldiers in close formation for fighting

Bacchanal: follower of Bacchus (the Greek god of wine)

despot: tyrant

15. THE RESPONSIBILITY

PETER APPLETON

In this poem, the poet Peter Appleton shows where the responsibility lies.

"I am the man who gives the word . . . to use the Bomb."

"I am the man behind it all; I am the one responsible."

I am the man who gives the word,
If it should come, to use the Bomb.
I am the man who spreads the word,
From him to them if it should come.
I am the man who gets the word,
From him who spreads the word from him.
I am the man who drops the Bomb
If ordered by the one who's heard
From him who merely spreads the word.
The first one gives if it should come.
I am the man who loads the Bomb,
That he must drop should orders come
From him who gets the word passed on,
By one who waits to hear from him.
I am the man who makes the Bomb
That he must load for him to drop,
If told by one who gets the word,
From one who passes it from him.
I am the man who fills the till,
Who pays the tax, who foots the bill
That guarantees the Bomb he makes,
For him to load for him to drop
If orders come from one who gets,
The word passed on to him by one
Who waits to hear it from the man
Who gives the word to use the Bomb.

I am the man behind it all;
I am the one responsible.

NOTES

till: the money-drawer
foots the bill: pays the bill

□ □ □

16. PLEDGE

AMRITA PRITAM

Amrita Pritam is one of the most outstanding Punjabi poets of the present generation. The present poem is one translated from Punjabi by Harbans Singh.

Engraved with lines of agony
My palm enshrines a pledge;
The line of faith outstrips
The line of years.

You enquire
How long my love will live.
Teach not love the habit of speech,
For who has yet learnt how to hear?
Love prospers without the wealth of words.

My breath is at the mercy of my body
And can at any time cease.
But the inscription of our love
On the breast of time
Can never be erased.

Hir is no imitation of Laila,
Nor Majnu the model of a Banjha.

Love does not repeat its story—
Its every page is fresh and unparalleled.

The arrows of anguish
Pierce the plams and tips of my fingers;
But somewhere on the lacerated fringes
A hope is awakening to life.

I swear by the purple morning
The waves of the Chenab are not my end.

Engraved with the lines of agony
My palm enshrines a pledge;
The line of faith outstrips
The line of years.

NOTES

Hir and Ranjha, Laila and Majnu: two pairs of lovers

Chenab: one of the five rivers of the Punjab in which Beloved Sassi
was drowned

□ □ □

17. MY MESSAGE

KALANDI CHARAN PANIGRAHI

Kalandi Charan Panigrahi is a well-known poet in the Oriya language, and also a novelist and short story writer. He was born in 1901.

The present poem is translated from Oriya by Marendra Misra and Lila Ray.

No message which does not touch
The hearts of thousands of my fellowmen
Can be my message. Let me not
Know it. May it never come into my mouth.

No message which does not speak
Of the blood of mankind.
Can be my language. Let it not
Be present in my words.

A message concealing falsehood,
Hiding the lie in the womb,
Obscures my message also. Mine
Is the Message which shouts the answer.

This is the message which is my own,
The creed of my pen;
This is my bugle. Oh, plunge,
The dagger into the antagonist!
Tear open the breast of the beast!

Change the despotism of the devil
Into the government of men?
This is my message. Oh, let it go
Forth into the ears of the earth!

NOTES

creed: (system of) beliefs or opinions, especially on religious doctrine

despotism: tyranny

□ □ □

18. RUTHLESS RHYMES

HARRY GRAHAM

The sense of humour of the poet Harry Graham is seen in the poem "Mr. Jones".

Mr. Jones

'There's been an accident!' they said,
'Your servant's cut in half; he's dead!'
'Indeed' said Mr. Jones, 'and please,
Send me the half that's got my keys.'

The Young Lady Of Lynn

This is a humorous piece... (Anonymous)

There was a young lady of Lynn
Who was excessively thin.

That when she essayed
To drink lemonade

She slipped through the straw and fell in.

NOTES

essay: try or attempt

□ □ □

19. GITANJALI

R. TAGORE

Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941) was born at Calcutta. He wrote in Bengali and in English. He also translated into English some of his Indian writings. His poetry is marked by a deep religious feelings, a strong sense of the beauty of earth and sky in his native land, and the love of childhood. Gitanjali was published in 1913. Tagore was awarded the Nobel Prize. He wrote some plays and short stories also besides the poems.

(62)

When I bring to you coloured toys, my child, I understand why there is such a play of colours on clouds, on water, and why flowers are painted in tints—when I give coloured toys to you, my child.

When I sing to make you dance I truly know why there
music in leaves, and why waves send their chorus of voices
the heart of the listening earth—when I sing to make you dance

When I bring sweet things to your greedy hands I know
why there is honey in the cup of the flower and why fruits are
secretly filled with sweet juice—when I bring sweet things to
your greedy hands.

(78)

When the creation was new and all
the stars shone in their first splendour,
the gods held their assembly in the sky
and sang "Oh, the picture of perfection!
the joy unalloyed!"

But one cried of a sudden—"It seems
that somewhere there is a break in the
chain of light and one of the stars has
been lost."

The golden string of their harp
snapped, their song stopped, and they
cried in dismay—"Yes, that lost star
was the best, she was the glory of all
heavens!"

From that day the search is unceasing
for her, and the cry goes on
from one to the other that in her the
world has lost its one joy!

Only in the deepest silence of night the
stars smile and whisper among themselves
—"Vain is this seeking! Unbroken
perfection is over all!"

NOTES

tint: shade colour

unalloyed: pure, unmixed





